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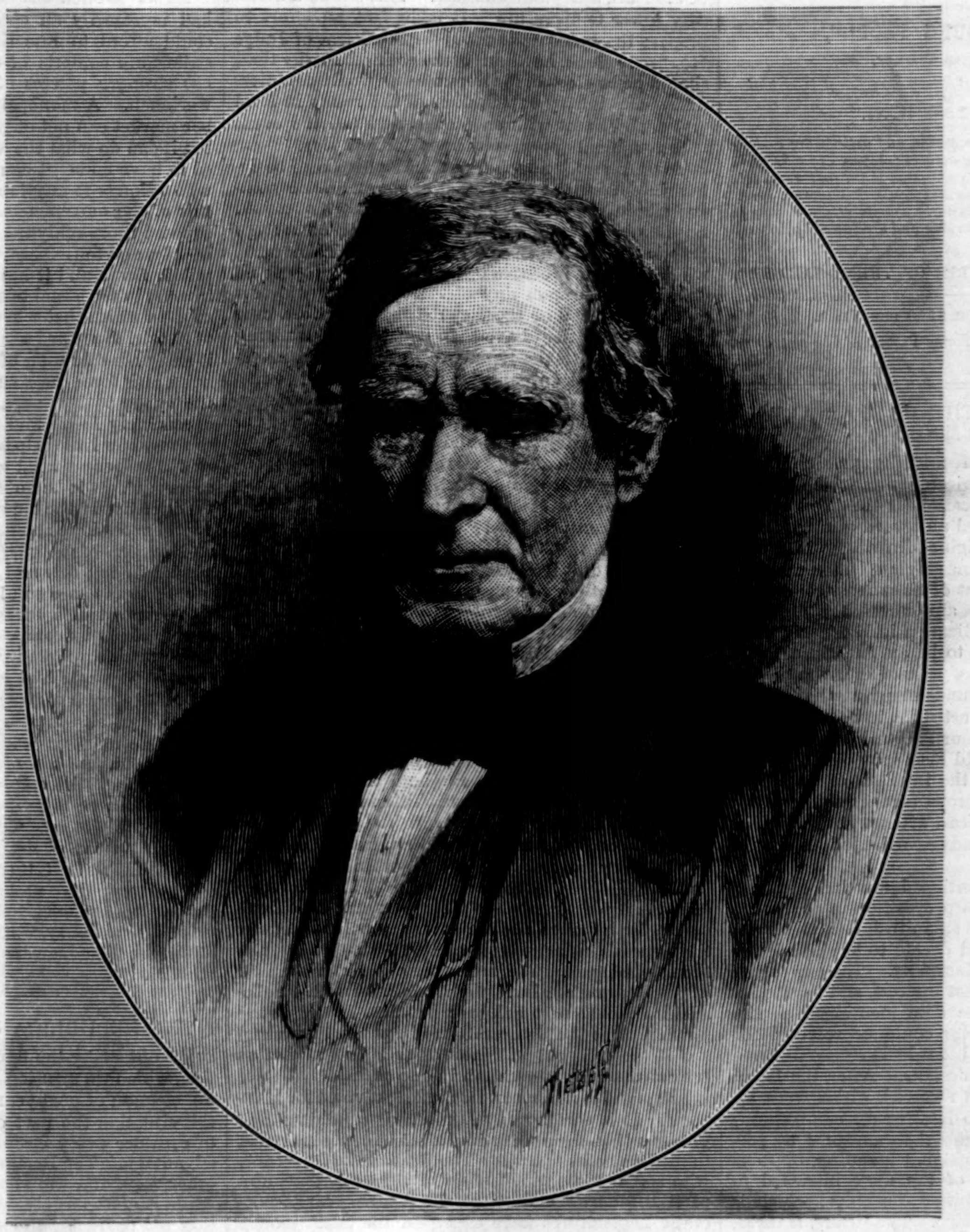
THE LATE JUDGE BLACK.

AFTER a very painful illness, during which he manifested the fortitude, cheerfulness, resignation, and wit that his friends would have expected of him, Judge JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK died at his home in York, Pennsylvania, at 2.15 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of August, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. About a week previous he underwent a severe surgical operation, the results of which superinduced pyæmia. His last words were a prayer, uttered while his wife was kneeling by his bed: "O Thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I have ever trusted, grant, if it be Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I be speedily called home to Thee. And, O my God, bless and comfort this my MARY." Having kissed his wife good-by, he turned over on his side, and in a few minutes was dead.

The Judge's strong religious convictions were frequently expressed in the presence of his family and friends during the closing days of his life, and the very hour he died he assured his son CHAUNCEY that he had no fear for the future, so far as he himself was concerned. "I only wish," he added, "that I was as comfortable about what I leave behind in this world." The grounds of those convictions he had already publicly set forth in an article entitled "The Christian Religion," in the *North American Review* for August, 1881, in answer to certain aspersions of Colonel ROBERT INGERSOLL, which were printed in the same number of that periodical, and had been previously submitted to Judge BLACK. "Why," he asks, "should I, an unlearned and unauthorized layman, be placed in the position" of meeting such a challenge? "The explanation is easy enough. This is no business of the priests. Their prescribed duty is to preach the Word, in the full assurance that it will commend itself to all good and honest hearts by its own manifest veracity and the singular purity of its precepts. They can not afford to turn away from their proper work, and leave willing hearers uninstructed while they wrangle in vain with a predetermined opponent. They were warned to expect slander, indignity, and insult, and these are among the evils which they must not resist."

The bar loses one of its most distinguished members and the Democratic party one of its trusted representatives and advisers in the death of Judge BLACK. He received his title as long ago as 1842, when elected to preside over the judicial district of Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Nine years afterward he became Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and still later the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth. He was appointed Attorney-General of the United States on the 5th of March, 1857, by President BUCHANAN, during the last four months of whose administration he filled the office of Secretary of State. Since that eventful epoch Judge BLACK has practiced with extraordinary success the profession of the law, earning an extended and enviable reputation both as a counsellor and a pleader. His legal knowledge was excelled only by the astuteness with which he could make use of it, and when arguing a case before a jury the ease and dignity of his bearing were illumined by the advocate's mastery of his hearers' sense of the ludicrous. During the celebrated contest over the will of the late Commodore VANDERBILT, Judge BLACK'S humor caused frequent merriment in the court-house, and constituted a chief attraction for the throng that had gathered to listen to the proceedings. In other notable forensic events in various cities of the Union his well-known figure was conspicuous.

Judge BLACK used a singularly nervous and forcible style of writing, and possessed a fine capacity for worrying an opponent. If any man ever had the courage of his convictions, he was that man. Opposition always inspired him. He was by nature a leader and commander; he set out for himself, and expected others to follow. The secessionist statesmen who thronged the White House and the national Capitol during the last months of the administration of President BUCHANAN found the attempted management of Judge BLACK a bigger contract than they could handle. Though a Democrat of the Democrats and a champion of State rights, he officially advised the President that the nation had rights too, and that one of these rights was the right of self-preservation. The presence in the cabinet, at that tempestuous and most disheartening hour, of a Democratic statesman whose heart beat to the music of the Union was worth something, as we now look back upon it; and although Judge BLACK remained a bitter and relentless foe of the reconstruction acts and of many other Republican measures, and although he continued to the last a stout Democrat of the old school, there probably is not a Republican journal in the land that has not recognized in his death the death of a true statesman and patriot.



THE LATE JUDGE BLACK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

AT the mention of the word catacombs our thoughts fly back to those early ages of the Church when the first followers of the doctrines of Christ hid themselves from the fury of the Roman emperors in caves and dungeons of the earth, since then known as catacombs, and of which many specimens are found in Rome. But the Catacombs of Paris mean nothing of this kind. It is comparatively of recent date—namely, under the Empire—that the removal of the bones from the overcrowded cemeteries and convent burial-places to these subterranean passages earned for them the name of Catacombs.

These so-called Catacombs form but a small portion of the immense excavations or stone quarries which undermine a great part of Paris. These vast quarries, of ancient date, from the white stone of which rose the beautiful city of Paris, have been from time to time the rendezvous of thieves and smugglers, who marauded the capital, retreating to their dangerous hiding-place where none dared attack them. A highly interesting novel, styled *Les Catacombes de Paris*, written some years since, though somewhat colored with the sensational excitement necessary to attract the interest of the public, graphically describes these gloomy vaults as having been for some days the prison of a young and beautiful girl, who was seized and conveyed thither on leaving the celebrated convent of Val-de-Grâce, under which these *carrières* extend. The lady is sought for in vain; and at length the distracted lover penetrates into these dark caverns, where he discovers his *fiancée* among a gang of counterfeit-coiners, who for years have been the occupants of these gloomy dungeons.

During the period of the first French Revolution numbers of people fled for safety to these vaults, to seek refuge as it were in the bowels of the earth from the political strife and crime at that time so fiercely contending in the gay capital. We see in the Catacombs the remains of the chapel and high altar erected by these refugees, where, with sorrowing hearts, they attended daily the service of the mass. A little later an alarm is given; the beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, under which these quarries extend, has been seen to totter; and in order that the loved palace of the Medici may not be ingulfed in the abyss upon which it has been discovered to stand, steps are taken to form a complete staff of workmen, whose sole duty consists in inspecting these ancient cavities and keeping them in thorough repair.

The visitor to the Catacombs finds himself in a court-yard facing the entrance, and one of a crowd of several hundreds of persons. Each awaits his turn of admittance within the little barred door, near which stands the ticket collector, the officer employed to count each individual who descends and duly register the total in his ledger, and the bright-eyed little French woman who provides each visitor, for a small gratuity, with the necessary *bougie* (candle), without which no one is permitted to enter; and though somewhat roughly fixed at the end of a long wooden handle, it helps to cast a ray of light into the darkness within the silent walls. There is a Babel of voices all around; and it is some time before the crowd of visitors, with the guide at the head, holding aloft his flaring torch, are fairly launched into the Catacombs. After descending fifty or more stone steps, worn and slippery with decay, we pass through long narrow passages, apparently hewn out of the stone. We dare not linger, but must follow rapidly the long line of figures wending their way through these dark vaults. Here and there in the long corridors are passages barred off, and known as dangerous. At certain curves and corners a sentinel, with torch upheld, stands to call out in deep sonorous voice, "À droite toujours" (Keep to the right); and we all, hurrying on to we hardly know what, find ourselves in a square vault of considerable height, along each side of which are stacked the bones of those long since departed. A weird sight! High-born descendants of noble houses may be here; yonder skull may once have worn the regal crown of France, forgotten and unknown, beside whose remains may rest those of the poor beggar boy who came to beg his bread at the convent door, and died there, tended by the Sisters' care. The taste displayed in the arrangement of the bones is truly wonderful. There is nothing to offend the eye. In perfect order, not one out of its appointed place, the dreary spectacle of human nothingness is there presented; and as we pass from one spot to another along the almost interminable passages, the eye ceases to be shocked by the ghastly picture. Upon each side, from time to time, a tablet may be seen, describing the locality from which the bones were taken, and date.

After having wandered among these dreary vaults of death for two hours or more, we find ourselves at the point from which we started, and, ascending the narrow staircase, rejoice once more in fresh air and genial sunshine.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 1, 1883.

THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

Newcastle, New Hampshire, *August* 6, 1883.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

Gentlemen,—The committee appointed to award the prizes in the art competition for the illustration of Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn" desire to report, as follows:

We have carefully examined each one of the 338 drawings submitted to our judgment, and have unanimously agreed that, in consideration of the quality of these works, we are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever. A small proportion of the drawings were found to be of sufficient artistic merit to warrant their selection for engraving, but not one of these adequately illustrated the idea expressed in the poem.

With sincere regret at the necessity of this decision, we have the honor to be,

Your obedient servants,
R. Swain Gifford,
F. D. Millet,
Charles Parsons.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published August 28, contains a thrilling story for girls, entitled

"THIMBLE'S LAST HUNT,"

by Maria Louise Pool. *Stories, poems, and articles are contributed by the following well-known authors:* James Payn, Lucy C. Lillie, Ella Wheeler, H. C. Van Giesen, M.D., *and* Irving L. Beman. *Among the artists represented are* W. T. Smedley, Jessie Curtis Shepherd, *and* Rosina Emmet. *Special attention may be called to a comic story in rhyme, written and illustrated by* Howard Pyle, *entitled*

"YE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF THREE TAILORS."

Subscription Price, $1.50 per Year.

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THE RESULT OF THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

SOME months since the Messrs. Harper announced an offer to young American artists which has become familiar by its publication at the head of this editorial page. It proposed an award of three thousand dollars for the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn," upon the condition that in the judgment of three most competent artists, whose names were announced, the drawing should be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine. The designer was to be an American artist of not more than twenty-five years of age, who should be bound by an honorable understanding that the reward should be devoted to art study in the best American schools, and to a sojourn abroad of at least six months for study of the old masters. The object of the offer was to promote the interests of American art by stimulating a generous competition, and by aiding some young American artist whose work, in the opinion of competent and impartial judges, should justify such assistance.

The chief condition mentioned was indeed stringent. The offer was not a proposition to accept the best design that should be submitted, but only some one that the judges should decide to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine. The announcement naturally excited great interest, and by the 1st of August, which was the date mentioned as the latest upon which drawings could be received for consideration, the committee had received three hundred and thirty-eight designs. After the 1st of August twenty-three were received, which were, by the terms of the offer, too late for the competition. The names of the judges are the guarantee, by personal character and professional standing, of their fitness for the discharge of the duty intrusted to them, and they have submitted the report which is printed at the head of this page. The Messrs. Harper naturally share the regret expressed by the judges, but from such a decision there is no appeal. The competition, however, will be re-opened, but under conditions somewhat modified by suggestions of the judges. Among the modifications is the selection of another subject for illustration in place of the "Christmas Hymn," and announcement of the subject and conditions of the competition will be made next week.

It will be observed that the report states that only a small proportion of the drawings were found to be of sufficient artistic merit to warrant their selection for engraving, and it is therefore fair to assume that they were in great part the work of amateurs or mere beginners, and in not awarding the prize to any competitor the judges evidently decided that even the drawings which were meritorious enough to be engraved were not, in the sense of the offer, adequate illustrations of the poem, and none of them, therefore, could receive the prize. As a poem so essentially picturesque challenges the designer to cope with a rare and subtle literary skill, the young artist, conscious of a power as yet undeveloped, might instinctively shrink from the contest, and it is very possible, therefore, that some drawing which modest genius undervalued, but which might have won the prize, was not submitted. For such reasons it would be unfair to regard the drawings which were offered as an indication of the promise of all our artists under twenty-five years of age, and the re-opening of this interesting competition will undoubtedly produce results all the more satisfactory because of the unexpected results of the first trial.

BECALMED.

The political apathy is so profound that there will be a general disposition not to regard the result of the autumn elections as indicative of the real tendency of the country. There are already signs of hedging. When Judge Hoadly was nominated in Ohio it was announced by the Democratic press that he would of course be elected, and that his election would settle the Presidential election of next year. But we observe that the same authorities now suggest that Judge Hoadly's defeat would signify nothing, so far as next year's election is concerned, because Ohio is, after all, a Republican State. This shows a decidedly lower temperature. It is, in fact, an effort to prepare the Democratic mind for the defeat of Judge Hoadly. Such, however, is the political apathy that, should he be elected, the Republicans would doubtless find a satisfactory explanation of the result in local issues, and await with cheerful confidence the event of the national appeal to the people next year.

There is really no great national question to be determined next year except that of honest and economical administration. There is no Southern question, no financial question, no tariff question, no foreign question. We mean by this that the Democrats, whatever their probable course would be, propose no definite policy upon any of these subjects which is opposed to that of the Republicans. In fact, ever since the war they have been constantly advancing in professions to the Republican ground, and adopting the Republican policy as it was approved at successive elections by the people. What the election of next year will determine, therefore, is the party to which the country will confide the administration of a policy which is already established. The probabilities of the result may be easily inferred. For they depend upon one consideration, and that is whether the Republican party has gained or lost popular confidence since the last election. At that election the verdict was decisive. The Republican majority was not large, but it was very significant. General Hancock received only seventeen votes in the Northern States. It was the "solid South" that gave him his vote. May it be fairly held that the Republican course since that election has affected Northern sentiment unfavorably, and not only that, but so unfavorably that the country would prefer to take the inevitable risk of an administration whose real strength would lie in the Southern States? If the situation in this country were like that in England it would be difficult to calculate such probabilities. In England, when there is dissatisfaction with the course of one party, the professions of the other must be accepted, because they can not be tested. Fortunately with us both parties are constantly upon trial, and the voter can measure the real value of professions. The Democrats, for instance, declare that they will administer the government more economically and honestly than the Republicans. We are not obliged to take their words, because we have their deeds. The Republicans control the national government. But if we are not mistaken the Democrats are in power in twenty-six of the thirty-eight States of the Union. Let us look at their administration in one of them.

Maryland is a Democratic State. It voted for Hancock. It is sure for any Democratic candidate next year. What arguments does it offer for general trust in the Democratic party? The Democratic Governor, who seems to be much more of a patriot than of a partisan, states that during the last three years Democratic Legislatures have expended the State money improperly to the amount of half a million of dollars. During the same time delinquent Democratic officers have withheld from the State more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Newspapers have been practically bribed to silence by extravagant payments for publishing the laws. The Governor charges the Legislature itself with shameful extravagance in its own expenses, and he states that he reduced the cost of the public printing from $67,000 in 1879 to $25,800 in 1880, limited the allowance to each county for the publication of the laws to $600, decreased the number of Legislative employés from 105 to 54, and reduced the general Legislative expenses, exclusive of printing, from $133,070 to $105,846 77. This is one State in which Democratic economy of administration may be studied in detail. In Massachusetts the advantages of Democratic ascendency may be seen in the character and career of General Butler, the chosen representative of the party. But while thus the Democrats have been showing the precise value of their professions, the Republicans by their general conduct at the last session of Congress, and by the overthrow of the boss and caucus systems, have taken actual steps to purify administration, and it seems to us undeniable that upon the whole, and in contrast with the Democratic party, the Republicans have gained and not lost public confidence since the election of 1880. If this be true, there is no reason to suppose that the Republicans in 1884 will lose any State that they carried at the previous election.

THE RESULT OF THE LATE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

The telegraph strike ended as quietly as it had proceeded. The leaders, seeing that the movement had failed, advised a return to work wherever it was possible. They disclaimed all knowledge of the violence shown in cutting the wires, and all responsibility for it. In every such disturbance of established system there will be miscreants to turn the situation to mischief. But liberty can not be held responsible for the crimes committed in its name. The operators had an undoubted right to decline to work for unsatisfactory wages, and though illicit advantage of the situation may have been taken by others, or by some of the striking body, the strike itself was justifiable, however mistaken.

As we pointed out at the beginning, the company had necessarily an enormous advantage, because it could afford to lose time and money. At present strikes are contests of endurance, and a corporation has stronger powers of endurance than a body of workmen. A monopoly which also controls the labor market can not only determine the rate of wages, but it can do what the Western Union is now reported to have done—it can refuse to employ any person who belongs to any labor organization. Yet the result of the movement is not to be regretted. It has exposed thoroughly the methods of the telegraph monopoly, and the exposure has certainly not conciliated public favor, and it has immensely stimulated public interest in the postal telegraph. Indeed, the powerful support which that scheme received during the month of the strike showed a much more general demand for it and understanding of it than had been supposed to exist, and forecasts some Congressional action upon the subject. The argument in opposition has been exceedingly feeble and futile, and has mainly served to show how little is to be said against the proposition.

But we repeat what we said last week, that no such scheme ought to be entertained until it is settled that the increase of the number of public places which it would necessitate should not add to the existing evils and dangers of patronage. In a service requiring the special knowledge and diligent habits which are essential to the successful and profitable operation and management of a telegraph the reformed system of appointment by competition and probation would be indispensable, unless it were proposed to plunge into the utmost waste and extravagance. And should a postal telegraph under government control be established, does any intelligent man really think that it would be more American and less aristocratic, more economical, and more agreeable to popular institutions, to limit the employment of the operators to a term of four years, in order to dismiss them more easily at the end of it? There is no subject upon which it seems to be more necessary to free our minds from cant than this. If, therefore, the strike should lead, as now seems most probable, to the adoption of a government postal telegraph, it would have dealt a powerful blow at the system of monopoly which is a cause of serious apprehension to a large body of intelligent citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR '84.

By observing the figures of the last national election, which we mention elsewhere, it will be seen that the election of next year is sure to be very close. In this situation the part of wisdom for Republicans is to consider every circumstance and to secure every advantage. The Republican party can succeed in no other way, and the vital point to remember is, that while it must largely depend upon its general tradition and character and service, the selection of a candidate is of critical importance. The question is not so much who can be nominated, but who ought to be nominated; and that being seen, the practical aim should be to make the nomination practicable. There are several superstitions about a nomination which ought to be discarded, but which are generally and amusingly accepted as final. Under the circumstances, such superstitions must be disregarded or the result will be imperiled.

Thus there is a fancy that the candidate must not be taken from a small State, because his own local capital of electoral votes will be too small. This is a sentimental theory which the facts do not sustain. The instant that the candidate is nominated he represents the cause and the party, and he is weak or strong by his personal and public record, not at all by his State or the number of its electoral votes. In 1876

Mr. Tilden was not a strong candidate because he lived in New York, nor did the fact that he lived in New York increase his vote in that State. He was strong solely because there was dissatisfaction with the Republican administration, and because he was believed to be a reformer. In 1880 General Hancock was no stronger a candidate because he was by his residence at the time a New-Yorker, or because he was a native of Pennsylvania. He was not defeated for local reasons, but because confidence had largely returned to the Republican party, and because he was not thought to have especial qualifications for the Presidency. The fact that Mr. Bayard lives in Delaware, and that Delaware has but three electoral votes, does not make him a weak or undesirable candidate of his party. He would be no stronger a candidate in the country or in New York if he lived in the State. His strength would be derived solely from his public standing and his personal and political character.

This is equally true of the Republican side. President Arthur would not be a stronger candidate because he is a New-Yorker, nor Mr. Edmunds a weaker because he lives in Vermont. The question of "locality" certainly did not affect Mr. Blaine's candidacy either in 1876 or 1880. All the men whose position may be said to make them possible candidates owe it to their prominence. In the public mind and in the party regard they are not especially identified with any State. They are representatives of the party. In the selection of a Republican candidate, therefore, all these fanciful considerations must be dismissed. The sole considerations must be public and private character and general party confidence and regard. The man whose public course and large public ability have won for him a commanding position in the country, who is free from all entanglements of faction, and who is personally and officially without just reproach—if such a man there be—should be the Republican candidate.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The American Library Association is composed of the leading librarians of the country, who wisely meet to compare views in regard to the practical management of libraries—a subject in which the public is profoundly interested. The object of a good librarian is to devise methods of making his library in the most convenient way most useful to the largest number of persons. This includes cataloguing and arranging books and all the other details, of which the good regulation is indispensable to a prompt and satisfactory use of a large library.

There is no position in which skilled intelligence and special training are more necessary than in that of a librarian. Yet it is generally regarded as a snug and desirable sinecure for invalid scholars and professional men. This view is a most serious obstacle to the proper use of a library, and a cause of endless vexation to any efficient librarian. His assistants are very likely to be selected from motives of pity and mere favor, and the library becomes a kind of hospital for the sick and feeble.

We are glad to see that the Library Association has taken up this subject, and by adopting the following resolution has taken a long step toward securing greater efficiency in libraries:

"*Resolved*, That efficiency in library administration can only be obtained through application of the cardinal principles of an enlightened civil service, exclusive of all political and personal influence, appointment for definitely ascertained fitness, promotion for merit, and retention during good behavior; and that in the opinion of this association in large public libraries subordinate employés should be selected by competitive examination, followed by probationary terms."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The article by ex-Mayor Grace in the current number of Harper's Monthly upon the government of cities in the State of New York has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. The author has had the immense advantage in preparing such an article of actual experience in the administration of the government of New York, and he has tested for himself the confusion and weakness of the whole system. The laws relating to the city of New York fill a large octavo volume of more than seven hundred pages, and contain about 2150 sections—a body of legislation, as Mr. Grace says, about as large as the entire civil code of France. The laws affecting each city in the State are different. There is no municipal system whatever.

The root of the mischief, in the opinion of the ex-Mayor, lies in the want of a wise determination of the manner and the method of State interference with the municipalities, and the remedy lies in securing actual "local self-government" by a general law applicable to all cities. This would promote the growth of the municipal spirit which is as essential to good local government as public spirit, in its large and patriotic sense, to good national government. The cities should not only elect and appoint their own officers, but they should be supreme, with due regard to the welfare of the State, over all things which affect themselves alone.

Political parties have no proper place in municipalities, because cities do not have political policies. But a community which is politically divided, and which is accustomed always to vote according to those divisions, can not easily disregard them at an election involving patronage and place and emolument. Indeed, it was to this tendency and its consequences that the modern legislative interference in the city government of New York was first largely due. But Mr. Grace is entirely correct in his view of the indispensability of vesting great responsibility in the local Executive. That is a simple and obvious guarantee, under our general system, of efficient local administration, and it is the one of which the city of New York has never been permitted to avail itself. The paper of Mr. Grace is a very timely and valuable contribution to the general discussion, especially as it is in the city of New York that the feasibility of any system must be tested, since any scheme which is practically successful here would be equally so in all cities.

MR. JENKINS JUSTIFIED.

A correspondent writes, in some heat, to ask why Mr. Jenkins, in announcing that a dinner is to be given to some distinguished guest, says that twenty "covers" will be laid, when he means twenty plates. Our correspondent surely forgets the old story, "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony." He might as well ask why the list of dishes is called a *menu* instead of a bill of fare; or why we read upon those interesting papers, or porcelain, or satin, or silk, or other precious substance, *croquettes* of sweetbread, or baron of lamb *à la Montmorency*, or a fricassee of chicken *à la dauphine*.

He may justly ask, and with equal heat, why not print the bill of fare in the language of the guests, or at least in some one language, and not in a hotchpotch of two languages. He may—indeed he probably will—go so far as to insist that it is a ridiculous affectation. But he will overshoot the mark in so doing. To say covers for plates is a convention, and a convention is a tacit agreement that a thing shall be done in a certain way. The reason of the agreement is usually found in convenience.

Moreover, in this special instance the word cover is given by English lexicographers as equivalent to plate. The phrase to lay a cover is therefore as good English as to set a plate, although in actual conversation if a man should ask another at table to pass him a cover, he would undoubtedly receive the cover of a dish in return. Yet in speaking of a dinner it is permissible to speak of the covers as indicating the number of the guests. The justification, however, is convention, and Monsieur Charles Garnier writes to Monsieur Francisque Sarcey, only a month ago, in the Feuilleton of the *Temps*, in Paris, "If God invented life, man invented convention, and it is not his worst work."

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The steady progress of Mr. Parnell's success in the Irish election, and his unbending hostility to the most friendly English administration which Ireland has known for many years, show how deep and strong is the Irish feeling, and that the question of Irish independence is ripening. This question is quite independent of Mr. Parnell's purposes or wishes. The power to evoke spirits does not necessarily imply the power to lay them, as Mirabeau learned in France a century ago.

There is apparently so total an alienation of feeling between the two peoples that, under the circumstances, no friendly understanding seems to be possible, and the Irish question promises to supersede all others in testing the resources of British statesmanship.

A BOOMERANG.

The Democratic campaign which is carried on by printing Dorsey's stories about General Garfield, without a solitary attempt at evidence, makes havoc of those in whose interest the warfare is waged. It is not easy to see whether the chief object of the performance is to defame General Garfield or to extol Mr. Conkling. But, whatever the purpose, it succeeds in presenting Mr. Conkling in the most unhappy light. The substance of the story is that Mr. Conkling was hired to support the candidates of his own party by the promise of certain places for his friends and a general control of patronage in New York. It would not be possible to represent a man who professes peculiar loyalty to his party in a more pitiable and contemptible position.

But, that all consistency may be wanting, the assertion is also made, equally without evidence, and we presume equally without affecting the belief of a single human being, that there was no Treaty of Mentor, and that Mr. Conkling loftily disclaimed all knowledge of the wicked ways of the campaign. There was never any proof whatever offered of what was called the Treaty of Mentor; in other words, a corrupt bargain between General Garfield, Mr. Conkling, and General Grant. Anonymous assertions at this time neither prove nor disprove it.

But that the head of the late Republican machine in New York knew nothing of naughty political tricks is a tale hardly worth telling. He may have professed to hold his nose in the lobby while the tricks were played, because that seems to have been a favorite attitude of that statesman. But that he supposed his lieutenants to be what he and they would call Sunday-school misses may be believed upon the remoter star routes, but it is a tale which would produce a smile among "the boys" themselves.

PERSONAL.

Governor Tilden's new pair of alleged fast horses from Kentucky were not bought for speed at all. They are nice-looking Kentucky browns, sixteen hands high, and able to cover a mile in three minutes and a quarter. The Governor expects to use them before his carriage. He keeps twelve horses in his stables.

—The construction of the projected suspension-bridge across the Harlem River a few hundred yards above High Bridge is still delayed on account of legal difficulties. The Westchester County terminus will adjoin the grounds of the late William B. Ogden, whose beautiful and extensive country-seat is in finer condition even than during his lifetime. Mr. Ogden used to consider his name a corruption of "oak-den," that is to say, the hole in the oak where Charles II. hid himself. It was a favorite boast of his that if by any chance he should lose his money, he had plenty of friends whose loans would soon set him on his feet again.

—The stone used in building the nearly finished Catholic church at the northwest corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue was originally a part of the lower extremity of the Croton Aqueduct. It was sold by the city at public auction, when that portion of the aqueduct became useless on account of the erection of the Central Park reservoirs. It went less than dirt cheap, because the Irish contractors who were expected to compete for it declined to make any bids when they had learned that a Catholic priest wanted it to make a new church out of. Probably not a public building of any size in New York city has cost less than this large church.

—Oscar Wilde, in short hair and a yellowish business suit, lounging about the stage of the Union Square Theatre, is believed to have parted forever with his remunerative picturesqueness. A quondam admirer laments that the money-making æsthete should have pricked his own bubble.

—The Rev. Willard Parsons, of the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund, has been prevented by ill health from being as active as formerly in the interests of that admirable charity, of which he may be called the father. It was when pastor of a church in Pennsylvania, about eight years ago, that he conceived and first put into execution the idea of giving the children of the teeming tenement-houses two weeks of fresh air in the country. The *Tribune* this year has already collected more than fifteen thousand dollars for the purpose.

—One of the oldest and most successful American caricaturists is Mr. Frank Bellew, whose contributions to Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Young People have entertained millions of readers. Mr. Bellew is about fifty-five years of age, tall and slight, and, like most humorists, grave of countenance. His pencil and pen are still as busy as his sense of the ludicrous is acute.

—The financial reverses of Mr. E. C. Stedman, poet, critic, and broker, have awakened the deep sympathy of his wide circle of friends. One of the latter, while unearthing a lot of private papers the other day, found a printed copy of the *menu* of the dinner given by Mr. Stedman at the University Club to his London publisher, Mr. Chenevix Trench. On the back of the *menu* were the autographs of the guests of the occasion. May the genial host live to give many more such dinners, and to cultivate literature afresh!

—The Rev. William M. Baker, who died in Boston on the 20th of August, was the successful author of several novels, of which *The New Timothy*, *His Majesty Myself*, and *Blessed Saint Certainty* were the most noteworthy. He had been a pastor in Boston since 1874, and was a graduate of Princeton College, in whose environs some scenes in his books were laid.

—The late Mr. William Wirt Sikes was one of the number of clever journalists who have represented this country abroad. While in the midst of his duties as United States Consul at Cardiff, Wales, he took time to write the history of Welsh folk-lore, and to entertain and instruct his fellow-citizens through the magazines and newspapers. Such men are better stuff for consuls than pot-house politicians are. Mr. Sikes was the husband of Olive Logan.

—That veteran American landscapist, Mr. Asher B. Durand, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on the 21st of August at his home in South Orange, New Jersey, in the midst of most beautiful rural surroundings. He is in the best of health, and takes his daily walk in the woodlands.

—Lord and Lady Rosebery having announced their intention of starting on a trip around the world, an English journalist remarks that it is not so very long ago that any one who had been further afield than the more accessible parts of Europe felt justified in posing as a professional traveller, and was an object of curious and most respectful interest in London drawing-rooms. "But we have changed, and so have those round whom we used to gather. Railways, ocean steamers, ample leisure, increased curiosity, good hotels, new facilities for sight-seeing, enhanced safety, fashion, and a desire to follow it, have so multiplied the number of travellers that the difficulty is nowadays to find any one who has passed his life within the bounds of his own country."

—About two weeks before his death Judge Black wrote to Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, respecting Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's new *Life of James Buchanan*: "I thought of saying something of Curtis's good faith and veracity, in which I have the most implicit confidence. I have not read his book, but I am sure it contains nothing about me or anybody else that he does not believe to be true. He confided to me his general plan of treating the subject, and showed me some chapters in MS. I dare say he has not spoken well or ill of me, but he has left me without cause of complaint on either score."

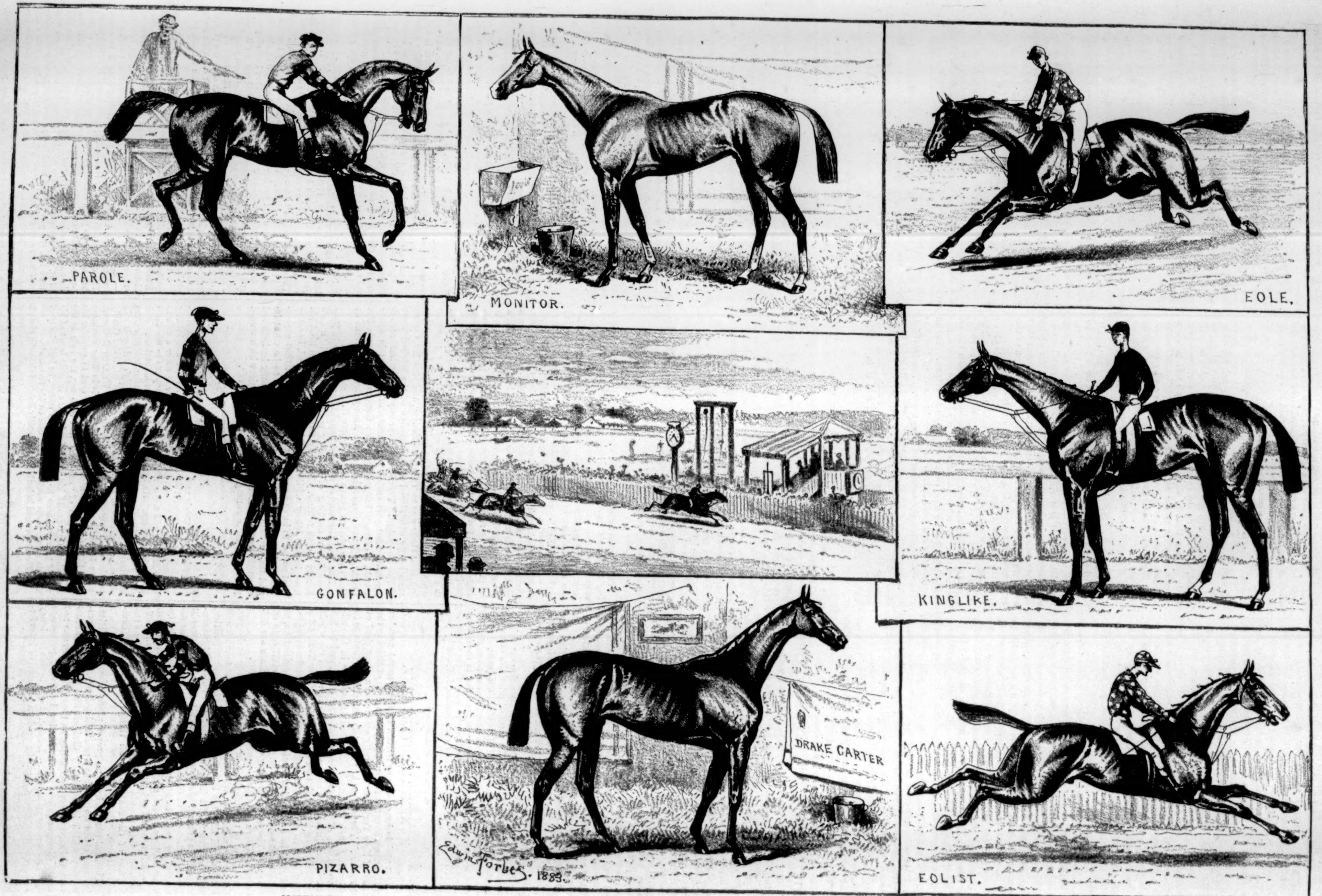
—The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who recently sold by auction their furniture, plate, etc., to the great scandal of some of their relatives, are said to be already indebted to the benefactions of those persons in the sum of $150,000.

—The bust of Fielding which Minister James Russell Lowell is soon to unveil in a town-hall in England will cost only six hundred dollars, only half of which amount has yet been collected—a fact that may be offered to those who disparage American sluggishness in the matter of the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue.

—The biographer of General Skobeleff, the distinguished Russian chieftain who died last year, says that he used to eat with his soldiers with the common spoon out of the camp kettles, and that no one was more careful to see that the camp kettles were in their right places. It was not only the superb military genius which his soldiers admired, but his sympathy, his affection, his homely brotherliness. He went to visit a transport of soldiers who were badly wounded. One of the moribunds recognized him. "Oh!" said he, "there is our own one, our Skobeleff." The others heard the name. "Hurrah! hurrah!" they tried to cry out; but so weak and wavering were their voices it reminded one of death more than of life.

—Sixteen young ladies, aided by two young lads, played base-ball at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, a few days ago. They wore jaunty little white cloth hats, shoes of the regulation style, untanned belts, and white dresses with trimmings either blue or red. The occupant of first base (according to the Philadelphia *Times*) did honor to her position. When the ball was carefully tossed to her, so that she could put her hands down and scoop it in, she took hold of it gracefully, and sent it back to the pitcher; but if it came at any speed she quietly stepped aside, and smilingly let it pass. So, indeed, it was with most of the fielders. The most promising "flies" slipped through their lovely little hands like water through a sieve, but still they smiled and contentedly ran after the playful ball, as though it were just as well to deliver it at one time as at another. There was no unladylike hurrying. Miss Miller, as a pitcher, was gentleness itself.

—One of the latest and most striking examples of the pernicious quality of "society journalism" is the following from the London *World*, of August 8, addressed to Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian: "There is no matter so petty that you can endure to be crossed on it with equanimity. If any one—man, woman, or child—stands in your sunlight, you express your resentment with a vehemence that would have caused Heraclitus himself to smile. The explanation probably is that dyspepsia, moral if not physical, has become to you a second nature. If your housekeeper or your hostess inadvertently presents you with any article of diet that you do not altogether approve, you wax as vituperative, of them and of it, as you chronically are of Mr. Froude himself. Those who have had the privilege of breakfasting or dining under the same roof have seen you explode with fury, and then relapse into a settled and—thank Heaven!—silent melancholy, because your tea has not been to your taste, or some one has anticipated you in receiving your favorite slice of bread or cut off the joint. Crabbed, harsh, and sour as the cider of your own county, you have all the susceptibilities, whims, and fancies of a hysterical girl."


PAROLE.
MONITOR.
EOLE.
GONFALON.
KINGLIKE.
DRAKE CARTER
Edwin Forbes. 1883.
PIZARRO.
EOLIST.

MONMOUTH PARK RACES—THE OMNIBUS STAKE AND THE ALL-AGE CHAMPIONS, AUGUST 18.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 551.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. F. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AT NAPLES.

LADY CONSTANCE was as good as her word. The slipshod waiter who brought us our coffee the next morning told us that the Signora Principessa (that being apparently the lowest rank that his imagination could assign to her) had started shortly after daybreak, and must now be well on her way to Genoa. "For so grand a lady, she was not too generous in her presents," he said. "We poor servants prefer gentlemen like your Excellencies, who travel without a courier, and give us what you please with your own hands. Couriers are all thieves, and that Antonio is a Neapolitan, which is worse. He would not pay the bill—no, not the half of it; and the *padrone* appealed to the Signora Principessa herself when she came down-stairs. But she got into her carriage, paying no more attention to him than if he had been a little dog barking at her, and away she went like the wind! It seems she is in a great hurry to reach Turin, where she is to have an audience of his Majesty—so that Antonio says."

In our case there was no need for so much haste. We did not want to tear through the country like Queen's messengers, and could not have done so if we had wished it; for our heavy old equipage was not built for speed, and our horses only broke into a lumbering gallop when passing through a village, and after having been urged thereto by a great deal of whip-cord and bad language. Between-times they and their driver dropped into a state of coma; and so we jogged on, swaying, creaking, and jingling through the sunshine and the dust, and did not reach Genoa until the evening of the second day after leaving Alassio.

Before we arrived in the City of Palaces I had proposed to George a slight modification of our original plan. I said *vetturino* travelling became rather monotonous work after a day or two, and he signified that he agreed with me. I went on to observe that the sea afforded a speedier, healthier, and really in many ways pleasanter means of reaching one's destination than the high-road; to which he replied that, for his part, he should be just as well pleased to put off Florence until the spring, and to take the steamer from Genoa to Civita Vecchia.

"Yes—or Naples," I suggested. "Don't you think it would be better to see Naples first?"

He responded with a "No!" so abrupt and gruff that I was obliged to ask him what he meant.

"It's such bosh!" he said, quite angrily. "What's the good of it?"

"What's the good of seeing Naples? Well, I must say, George, I never expected to hear you ask such a question as that."

"That's not what I mean. I mean, what's the good of following that woman about? You know very well that you only want to go to Naples because she said she would be there."

"I don't deny it for a moment," I answered. "That woman, as you rather coarsely call her, interests me. I should like to see more of her; and I'm afraid that, if we don't refresh her memory pretty soon, she will forget all about us."

"And a very good thing, too!" cried George. "I should have thought that a man like you, dying of love, as you always say you are, wouldn't have cared so much about running after strange faces."

"I hope you don't mean to accuse me of falling in love with Lady Constance," I laughed.

"I didn't say so; though I'm not so sure that she mightn't turn your head, if she chose, for all that. She isn't very young, it is true, nor very good-looking either, to my mind, but she has a way with her which a great many people would think fascinating. You are the best judge of your own feelings, of course," continued George, pensively; "but it seems to me that if I were in your condition I shouldn't be interested in persons of that kind. In fact, I should rather avoid society."

"But you are not in my condition," I observed; "and, what's more, I don't believe you ever will be. If by any miracle you ever should forget what is due to yourself so far as to fall in love with somebody whom you are not allowed either to see or to correspond with, you will understand that a little society is exactly what one needs to keep one up to the mark. One reason why I want to meet Lady Constance Milner again is that I think she would be the sort of person who might introduce one to the best class of natives, and get one invitations to balls, and so on."

"We came abroad to read, not to go to balls," said George, still very glum.

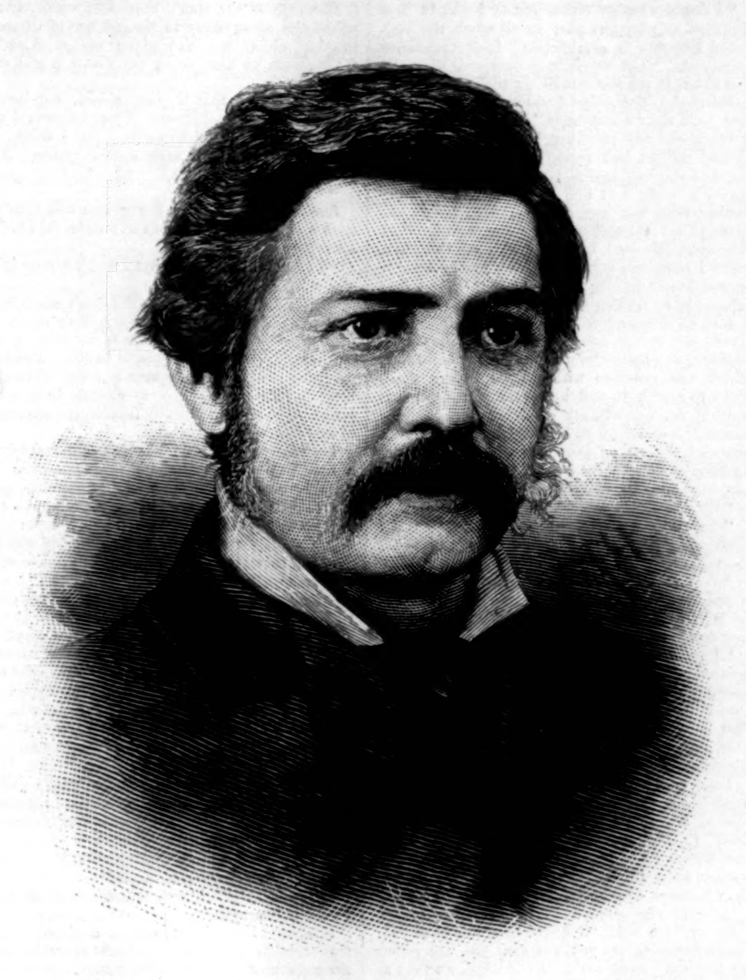
"Then we might as well have staid at home," I retorted. "To the best of my belief, I was sent to the Continent to get some idea of what other nations and kindreds and languages were like; and one can't do that unless one makes acquaintances."

As I have said before, my companion had no power to prevent me from following my own devices; but what strengthened my hands and completely took the wind out of his sails was a most opportune letter from my uncle, which I found awaiting me at Genoa, and in which I was strongly urged to cast aside the mixture of exclusiveness and shyness that deprives most Englishmen of half the pleasure and profit of foreign travel.

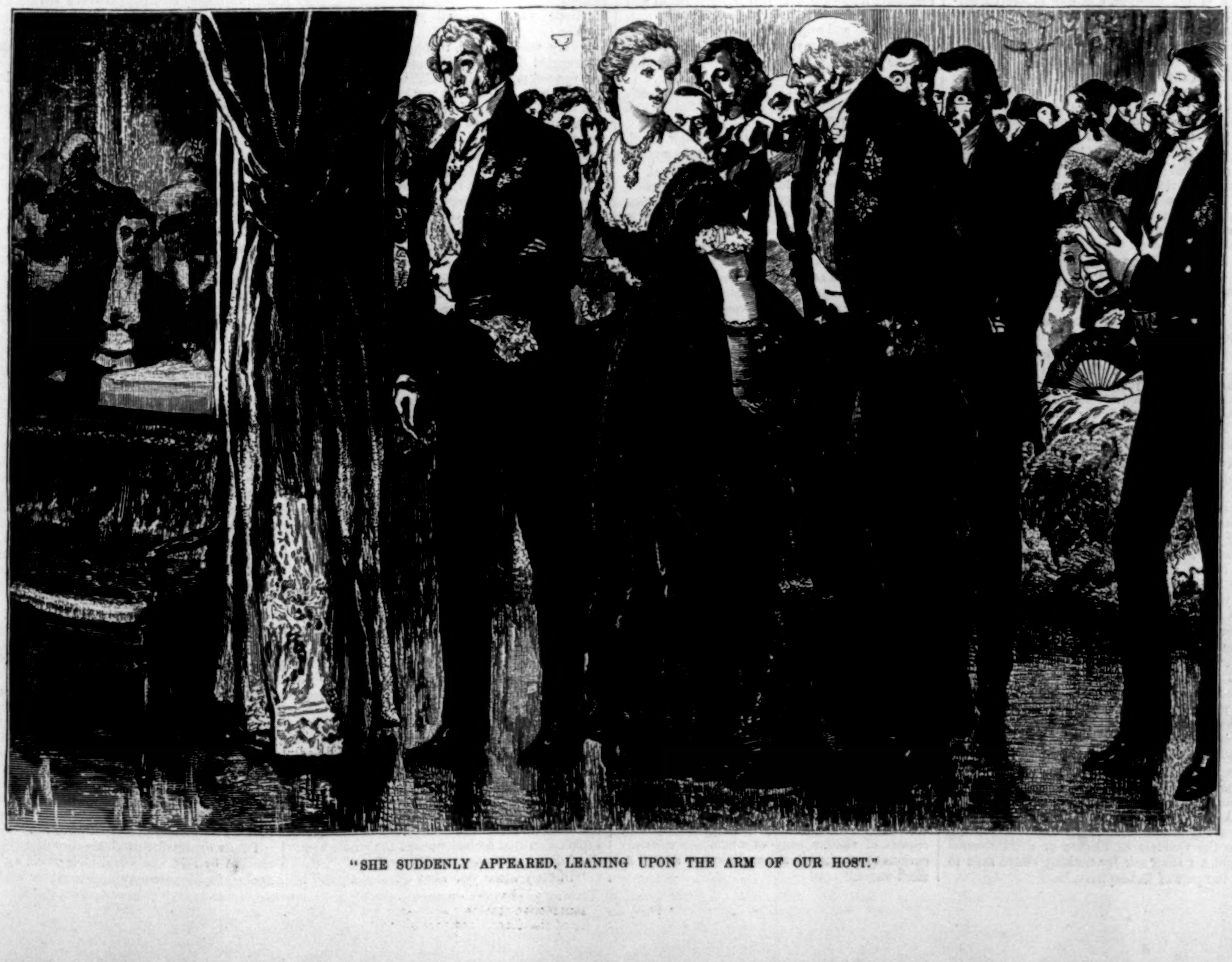
"I hope," wrote he, "that you don't look upon Italy as a mere succession of beautiful pictures to be enjoyed during play-hours, and that you mean to study people as well as books and scenery. Italy, like other countries, is full of human beings; and at the present time there must be some rather curious human beings among them, by all accounts. I should like you to see a few of these, if possible, and at all events to lose no opportunity of talking to Italian men and women of all ranks. Tom tells me that he has written about you to some of his friends in Rome, and also to our Minister at Naples, whom he knows a little; so you must not fail to call at the Legation when you find yourself in King Ferdinand's dominions."

I read this extract aloud triumphantly. "You see, he particularly mentions Naples," I remarked; and George, in his customary practical spirit, only replied that he supposed we might as well go out and make inquiries about steamers now.

My uncle's letter was in all respects an agreeable one. It was full of odds and ends of home news, such as I suppose he knew that I should enjoy reading, and one item in particular gave me great satisfaction. "Your terrier Scamp has shifted his quarters to the Rectory. After your departure he attached himself to Miss Dennison, whom he now absolutely declines to leave; and, as I understand from her that you intended at one time to make her a present of the dog, I presume that you will not object to this apparent transfer of his affections."



BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH, ENGINEER OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. COLBURN.—[SEE PAGE 555.]



"SHE SUDDENLY APPEARED, LEANING UPON THE ARM OF OUR HOST."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

It seemed to me that a good deal was implied in the above sentences. The obstacles in the path of my happiness—which, to be sure, had never been of a very formidable kind—already, I thought, began to show symptoms of tottering. I went on my way through the glowing sunlight and deep shade of the Genoese streets with a light and hopeful heart. I suppose it is because I was so happy there that I have always kept a grateful memory of the stately old city, of the busy port, of the narrow by-ways, of the chaffering silversmiths from whom we bought filigree bracelets and brooches (does anybody wear such things nowadays, I wonder?), and of the palaces and collections of pictures, every one of which George insisted upon visiting, with the conscientiousness of a true Briton. George was not yet educated up to the old masters, and honestly confessed that modern art had greater charms for him. He was, however, doing his best, by study of authorities, to rise to a higher critical level, and he was to be seen daily wending his way through one or other of the galleries with slow, creaking steps, with an expression of countenance at once painstaking and puzzled, and evidently trying very hard to realize in what the correggiosity of Correggio consisted.

When we had exhausted Genoa, we took ship and sailed southward, arriving at Naples, after many stoppages at intermediate ports, in the beginning of December. My first care was to leave my card at the Legation; and the next day I received an invitation to a ball, at which, as I heard from the head waiter at our hotel, all the great world of Naples was to be present. To this festivity I betook myself alone, George, who had not chosen to call with me, and who consequently had received no invitation, composing himself for a quiet evening with his pipe and his books, and remarking, sardonically, as I started, that he would not change places with me for five pounds.

The Minister received me in a very friendly manner, asked after the General, begged that I would not hesitate to make use of him in any way during my stay in Naples, and then handed me over to a young attaché, who conducted me into the ball-room and offered to introduce me to partners. He himself did not dance; for in those days fashionable young men were supposed to be in a state of chronic exhaustion, and to be scarcely equal even to the effort of articulate speech; but he was so kind as to say that, if I liked rushing about the room like a maniac, he should be delighted to find me any number of yoke-fellows. I confessed to being fond of dancing, and after glancing at me and murmuring that he supposed I shouldn't care about married women, he presented me to various Neapolitan belles, in whose company I spent the evening pleasantly enough, although, owing to my very recent acquaintance with their language, our conversation was for the most part limited to monosyllables.

I searched the throng in vain for the tall, commanding figure of Lady Constance Milner, and, as time went on, I was forced to the conclusion that she had either deferred her visit to Naples, or did not share my tastes in the matter of balls; and this was rather a disappointment to me, for I had quite counted upon meeting her. However, long after I had ceased to speculate upon the causes of her absence, and was in the supper-room, taking a little refreshment preparatory to moving homeward, she suddenly appeared, leaning upon the arm of our host, and surrounded by quite a galaxy of starred and ribboned personages.

She was dressed, I remember, in black satin, with ornaments of rubies and diamonds; and as I watched her deliberately eating her ice, while a swarm of men, young and old, clustered like bees around her, I realized that, as George had said, she had "a way with her which many people might think fascinating." Indeed, it was abundantly evident that many people did think so. I drew a little nearer to the group, and caught fragments of their conversation, which was carried on in French—a language which Lady Constance appeared to speak with perfect ease and fluency. They were talking of the proclamation of the Empire in Paris, the news of which event had just reached Naples, and I observed that every word the lady said was listened to with eager attention, and that more than one leading question was put to her; as though her interlocutors believed her to be more behind the scenes than they were. They did not, however, as far as I could judge, get a great deal of information out of her. She treated them very much as she had treated a humbler individual at Alassio—not exactly with contempt, but with a good-humored unconcern which was not very far removed from it, and she made no attempt to suppress or conceal several hearty yawns.

"No," she said, in answer to one of her questioners, "he is not going to imitate his uncle—at all events not just yet. He will grant an amnesty for political offenses, and reduce the standing army; and, now that the Republic is dead and buried, you will all feel much easier. Europe has got a reprieve, and you can congratulate yourselves upon it, if you like. As for me, I am a revolutionist."

The British Minister made a grimace, and one of the ribboned gentlemen smiled, and said, "Beware, madame; the walls have ears."

"I thought we were all *carbonari* here," returned Lady Constance, carelessly. "His Majesty was wearing the colors when I was last in Naples. They are pretty colors, and, after all, *cela n'engage à rien.* Whatever colors we may choose to deck ourselves out in, we shall not make the world turn round the other way, and sooner or later democracy will swallow us all up. It stands to reason that it must."

"Ah, dear madame," sighed a fat old man, with many decorations on his coat, "if you are to be the Goddess of Reason of the Universal Republic, I shall ask for nothing better than to play the part of Robespierre."

"I doubt whether either you or I will be in a situation to play any part at all when the Universal Republic is established," Lady Constance remarked. "Let us console ourselves with the thought that we are not likely to be hanged or guillotined. Transition periods are tedious; but they have their advantages."

While she was speaking, her eyes, roving hither and thither, had rested for a moment upon me, and she had testified to her recognition of me by a slight nod and a smile. But nothing further than this was vouchsafed to me in the shape of notice; and presently she moved out of the room, followed by her group of satellites, while I remained behind, with an uncomfortable impression of having been slighted. She might at least have shaken hands, I thought.

But, as it happened, I did get speech of Lady Constance before going away; for while I was standing in an anteroom adjoining the ball-room, which was crowded with people saying good-night to our host and hostess, and while I was waiting my opportunity of doing likewise, she suddenly walked up to me, and in an easy, conversational tone, as though we had only parted an hour or two before, asked, "Well, what have you done with the bear-leader?"

"Do you mean Warren?" I inquired.

"Yes. He *is* your bear-leader, is he not? Have you sent him to bed, and broken loose for the night?"

"Warren is not exactly my bear-leader," I felt it proper to explain. "We are old friends, and he is with me just now more as a sort of travelling companion than anything else."

"I see. A guide, philosopher, and friend, appointed by the home authorities, with general instructions to keep you out of mischief. I am sure he will do his best, and almost equally sure that he will fail. Especially in a place like Naples, where there are no wholesome amusements for young men. What made you come here?"

I don't know what possessed me; but I felt a sudden impulse to tell the plain truth, and I obeyed it. "We should have come here anyhow," I said, "to see Vesuvius and Pompeii and the Museo Borbonico; but I came a good deal sooner than I had intended, because I thought that perhaps by doing so I might see you again."

At this she seemed to be greatly diverted. "Really," she said, "I begin to think that your countenance belies you, and that you are rather an original young man. By-the-bye, we may as well sit down as stand." And, stepping into the ball-room, which was now rapidly becoming deserted, she seated herself on a sofa in one of the embrasures of the windows, and motioned to me to take the vacant place by her side. "I must tell you," she began, in that high cool voice of hers, which always sounded a little above one's head, "that there are two things on earth for which I have a passion—truthfulness and originality. What you said just now sounded truthful, and it was certainly original—all things considered. That is why I led you in here, to the great astonishment of my friends, who are now craning their necks through the doorway and trying to make out what in the world I mean by such behavior. Probably, though, you will turn out a disappointment, as so many others have done. I roam about, like another Diogenes, searching highways and by-ways for truthful and original people; but I very, very seldom find any. Truthfulness and originality combined are a great deal more rare than you might suppose. I don't possess either quality myself, and perhaps that is my reason for setting such store by them."

I had no means of judging of Lady Constance's veracity, but I thought her decidedly original, and I ventured to tell her so.

"Oh no," she answered, shaking her head. "To strangers, I know, I have a certain appearance of originality, but it's purely superficial. I have lived all my life in a commonplace groove, and I have never managed to get out of it, though I have made frantic and even ridiculous efforts at times to strike out a line of my own."

"What sort of a line?" I made bold to inquire.

"I can't go into particulars; it would take too long. But, speaking generally, my object has always been to say and do exactly what I thought right, without regard for convention, pedantry, or prejudice."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that one couldn't adopt a better standard."

"Unfortunately, I seldom act up to it when it comes to the push. Who does? This poor old world is smothered under mountains of stupidity and custom, like the Titans under Vesuvius and Ætna, and I don't know who is to drag it out and set it on its legs again. Every now and then there is a heave and an explosion, and some lives are lost, and orderly people are scared; but nothing comes of it, and presently things begin to lumber along in the old way once more. It is inevitable, perhaps, but it is deadly dull. Individuals are like the world and the volcanoes: they can't always be in a state of eruption."

"I suppose not," I agreed, thinking to myself that it would be rather uncomfortable if they could. "I must say," I added, by way of keeping up my character for truthfulness, "that, as far as I have got, I haven't found the world so very dull."

"You will, though, some day," she returned, with one of her undisguised yawns.

"Well," I said, "of course I know very little about you, Lady Constance; but, from what little I have seen, I should have thought you led anything but a dull life."

"I wander about and I see a great many new faces," she answered, "which is amusing in a way. The alternative would be to shut one's self up and read books; but I haven't enough patience for that. I prefer to study people, stupid as they often are. Here at Naples I am besieged by crowds of visitors, some of whom are certainly curious types, though the majority are as dull as ditch-water."

She rose as she spoke these last words, and I seized the opportunity to remind her of the permission which she had given me at Alassio. "You were so kind as to say that I might call upon you."

"Did I say that?" she asked, carelessly. "Well, come, by all means, if you choose; I am staying at the Hôtel Crocelle. But I think, do you know," she added, after a short pause, "that you had better not come."

"Why not?" I asked.

She laughed. "If I tell you, you will think it such a capital joke that you will never be able to keep it to yourself."

"I give you my honor that I won't repeat it to a soul," I declared.

"Well," she said, "after all, I don't much care if you do. It is only because I have observed that nearly all very young men, as well as old ones, end by losing their hearts to me. The mature and middle-aged generally come off scathless; but it appears that my charms have some property which is peculiarly fatal to the extremes of age and youth."

I confess that this candid statement startled me a little. Was it customary in fashionable society, I wondered, for ladies to allude to their conquests in that matter-of-course way? At any rate it would not do to look taken aback; so I said I could well believe that: my only wonder was that there should be any men, or class of men, able to resist Lady Constance. "Indeed," I added, "there must be something quite extraordinarily attractive about you which is evident at first sight; for George Warren, who is not at all an observant person in general, found out at once that you were what he called 'dangerous,' and told me so. He was most unwilling to let me come to Naples on that account."

"Ah," she said, "did I not tell you that that excellent young gentleman would never be able to keep you out of mischief?"

"But I shall get into no mischief by calling upon you," I said; "because it so happens that I have the best of all safeguards against falling in love with anybody."

"Dear me! Are your young affections already engaged, then?"

I nodded. "I'll tell you all about it some day," I said, encouragingly.

She burst into a hearty peal of laughter. "Oh," she exclaimed, "there is no doubt about it!—you are a genuinely original young man. Pray come and see me very soon, and let me have a full description of your Dulcinea."

"I certainly shall not say a word upon the subject if you turn it into ridicule," I replied, much offended. "I only mentioned it now to show you that your warning was unnecessary in my case."

"After that rebuke," remarked Lady Constance, "I had better go away and hide my confusion. I laughed at you, and you snubbed me; so now we are quits. Come and see me when you have nothing better to do, and I won't laugh again. In the mean time, will you be so kind as to go and find Antonio for me, and tell him that I am coming down?"

I obeyed; and presently Lady Constance followed me to the entrance-hall, escorted by my friend the attaché, who helped her into her carriage, and returned, looking very pale and sleepy."

"Hope you've enjoyed yourself," he said, wearily.

"Very much indeed, thanks," I answered, as I struggled into my great-coat. "By-the-bye, can you tell me who Lady Constance Milner is?"

He sighed. "Oh, don't you know?" he asked, in a mildly reproachful tone.

He evidently meant me to understand that it was really too bad to bother people with questions at that hour of the morning; but I wasn't going to let him off, for I was thirsting for information, and I thought I might very likely have no other opportunity of acquiring it. So I said: "No, I don't know anything about her. I met her for the first time a couple of months ago on the Riviera, when she was on her way to see the King of Sardinia, I believe."

"She's always on her way to see some king or other," he remarked. "That's her *spécialité*—feminine diplomacy, your Madame De Lieven—that sort of thing." He sighed again, and then embarked upon a condensed explanation, dropping his words out one by one, as if speaking was very hard work. "She's a sister of Rossan's—man who's at — at — oh! What's-the-name-of-the-place, you know. Married Milner, who died of fever at Rio some years ago. Knocks about Europe now, hatching plots and getting into trouble with the police every now and then. Amuses her, you know, and don't hurt anybody else. You needn't tell her I said so, though. Must you really be going? Good-night, then, and—"

"I suppose she has plenty of money?" I observed.

"Who?—Lady Con? Lord bless your soul, no! Poor old Milner had nothing, and she had rather less, I should think. You won't take anything before you start?— brandy and soda, or something? Well, good-night, if you *will* go. Mind you let me know if I can do anything for you while you're here."

And, having persuasively led me out into the street, my friend turned and disappeared into the house with an agility of which I should hardly have supposed him capable.

This rather disparaging account of the lady who had excited my curiosity so greatly did not alter my opinion that she was a remarkable and distinguished person, nor lessen my desire to follow up the evidently favorable impression that I had made upon her. But I was a good deal surprised, on coming down to breakfast the next morning, when George announced in a tone of satisfaction that he had "heard the whole history of that Lady Constance Milner."

"Directly after you went off last night," he said, "there came a knock at the door, and who should walk in but Mowbray! You remember Mowbray of Balliol? He is here in his father's yacht, and he happened to see our names in the strangers' book; so he came up on the chance of finding one of us at home, as he sails this morning. We began talking about one thing and another, and quite accidentally I happened to mention our friend's name; and very glad I was that I had done so, for it appears that Mowbray knows her well. He said she was a queer lot—those were his very words: *a queer lot.* And I am bound to say that it entirely confirms my own impression of her," added George, triumphantly.

"Well," I replied, "I dare say she is a queer lot; I never said she wasn't, did I? It remains to be seen what you and Mowbray understand by the expression."

George proceeded to formulate his accusation deliberately. "She is very eccentric—well, that one could see for one's self. She is mixed up, Mowbray tells me, with all sorts of disreputable people and secret societies. She lives in a most extravagant style, although nobody can imagine where her income comes from, as her father was only an Irish peer with an encumbered estate, and her husband had no fortune. She seems to have married this Mr. Milner, not from affection, but on account of his talents, for she is a woman of boundless ambition" (here George spread out his arms and opened his eyes very wide to illustrate the unlimited nature of Lady Constance's aspirations)—"boundless ambition, and it was generally thought that he had a great future before him. However, he had the bad luck to be appointed as Chargé d'Affaires to some place in South America, where he took fever and died. Since then the widow has been searching diligently for a successor to him; but she has not taken one yet, because nobody of sufficient importance has seen fit to come forward."

"Now how can Mowbray possibly know that?" I protested.

"Oh, he says that if any rich man had proposed to her, she would undoubtedly have accepted him. But that is her affair, not ours. What, I think, does a little concern us—or at least you, for I don't count in matters of that kind—is that, without a hint or suggestion from me, Mowbray strongly advised our having nothing to do with her. He says she is a restless, disappointed sort of woman, whose one passion is love of power. Not being able to obtain the political power which is what she covets more than anything, she falls back upon that kind of power which I suppose that all women of certain personal advantages may possess, if they choose, and devotes a great deal of her time to getting silly people to fall in love with her. Mowbray assured me that he could name at least a dozen young fellows who had become half crazy about her, and whom she had cast aside like old gloves as soon as she grew tired of them. Now what," asked George, rapping the breakfast table emphatically with the blade of his knife—"what is one to conclude from all that?"

"I know what *I* should conclude," I said, "and I should not mind laying a trifle of odds on the conclusion being a true one. I should conclude that Mowbray himself was one of that blighted dozen. And now I may as well tell you that I met this deadly enchantress at the ball last night, and had quite a long chat with her."

"Ah," remarked George, "I was prepared to hear that. And you are going to tea with her this afternoon, I presume."

"No, not this afternoon. But I hope I may some other day."

"Oh, very well. You can't say you haven't been warned, anyhow."

"No, I can't indeed," I answered, thinking of the other warning which I had received, but which I did not feel myself at liberty to mention; "but I should very much like to know why these solemn admonitions are addressed to me in particular. Am I so desperately inflammable that my friends must hang on to my coat tails, and haul me back out of danger, whenever a moderately pretty woman heaves in sight? Considering everything, it does seem to me that you are at least as likely to fall a victim as I am."

"That's nonsense, and you know it," returned George. "If Lady Constance were the only woman in the world, I shouldn't look twice at her."

"Exactly: you're asbestos, whereas I'm mere tinder. All the same, I think you might have recollected that my heart isn't my own to dispose of."

"I do recollect it," answered George; "that's the very reason why I want to keep you out of this woman's clutches."

"Upon my word, George," I exclaimed, getting rather warm, "you are as thick-headed an old mule as ever I had to deal with! Can't you understand that women are not always thinking about making conquests? At any rate, Lady Constance won't try to make a conquest of me, for I told her about Maud myself last night."

"Good Lord!" cried George, looking annoyed and rather disgusted. "You don't mean to say that you actually mentioned Miss Dennison's name to *her!*"

"I mentioned nobody's name; though I dare say I should have done so if she had asked me. Why on earth should I not? Is it a disgrace to love Miss Dennison?—or is she disgraced by my loving her? The fact is that you can't understand any nature that differs from your own. If you were in love, you would probably shut yourself up and suffer in silence; but I am not like that; I prefer to have a little sympathy and encouragement when a fellow-creature is kind enough to offer them to me. And I hope you don't imagine that I am likely to yield to Lady Constance's fascinations at the very time when I am talking to her about the only woman in the world whom I have ever cared for, or shall care for."

I fully expected that George would have been crushed by this, and would have made a proper apology for his unworthy suspicions; but not at all.

He only shook his head, and muttered that such things had happened before now. His obstinacy ended by making me really angry. I observed, with cold dignity, that I was sorry he should have so poor an opinion of me. I was not aware of having done anything to justify the notion that I was either a scoundrel or an idiot; but, of course, if that was the view that he took of my character, there was no more to be said, and we had better change the subject. Thereupon he did beg my pardon, assured me that nothing had been further from his intention than to make accusations of any kind against me, and admitted that he had been hasty and unjust.

"And when you know Lady Constance a little better," I added, "you will admit that you have done her an injustice too."

"Perhaps so," answered George; "but I don't feel disposed to admit that yet; and, to tell you the truth, I have no wish to know her better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SITUATION IN UTAH.

It is more than a quarter of a century since the Republican party placed in its platform for the first national canvass in which it was seriously engaged a spirited denunciation of polygamy, as, with slavery, one of the twin relics of barbarism, which it was the duty of the republic to restrain or to abolish. For more than twenty years the Republican party has been in possession of the government, and slavery, by far the more formidable and extensive of the two evils, has been abolished, and has become, even as to its most serious effects, as much a thing of the past as the law of entail or the colonial aristocracy. Yet Mormonism, with its peculiar institution, is in numbers, and apparently in unity and energy, more powerful than it was when the ardent leaders of the young liberal party launched at it their bitter and sounding condemnation. Brigham Young, the great leader, has departed, and many of the apostles and disciples of his strange religion have followed him. But "the Church" has grown apace; its members have increased and multiplied and peopled the fertile valley and the hills their leader selected for their home; thousands of converts, men and women, from the hardiest races of Europe, have been brought across the seas; universal suffrage, in which even the women—the ones obviously the most degraded by polygamy—have shared, has only increased the influence, the discipline, and apparently the stability of the Mormon organization. Nor has the Republican party failed to try to carry out its pledges of hostility to the disgusting evil against which it declared war at the outset of its brilliant career. In 1862, in the midst of the most trying difficulties of the war for the Union, Congress paused to enact a law which made polygamy an offense against the statutes of the United States, punishable by fine and imprisonment. Later laws were passed to secure juries unprejudiced in favor of the crime, by whom those accused of it should be tried. And finally, in the spring of 1882, a law was enacted intended to take political power from the hands of polygamists, disfranchising them, forbidding them to hold office or to act as judges of election, and providing for a Commission to conduct elections in the Territory of Utah in accordance with these requirements.

This is usually called the "Edmunds law," after the eminent jurist and legislator who was its chief champion in the Senate, and who is reputed to have been its author. Whatever experience, acuteness, trained judgment, and perfect sincerity of purpose could do to insure an efficient law may be assumed to have been contributed to this one. Under it two elections have been held in Utah, one in the fall of last year for a Delegate in Congress, and one in August of this year for a Territorial Legislature. The second was by far the more important, because the Utah Commission continues in office, by the terms of the Edmunds law, only until the "Legislative Assembly of said Territory shall make provision for filling the offices"—namely, election offices, which the Commission was appointed in the first instance to fill. The result of the election is a practical failure of the law to accomplish its purpose. Those actually guilty of polygamy, it is believed, were excluded from the polls and from the Legislature, but of those who voted and of those who were chosen to the Legislature a large majority were in cordial sympathy with polygamy as a religious institution, were wholly under the influence of the leaders who preach and practice that institution, and can be relied on to upset any calculations as to the extirpation of polygamy by disfranchisement or by exclusion from office. The population of the Territory is about 144,000, of whom 70,000 are females. About 100,000 are natives, and the remainder are of foreign birth. In this population, at present, the Mormon Church reigns supreme. Careful observers believe that its rule is strengthened by the laws which have been passed to break it down. The policy of the government is looked upon to be one of persecution, and those at whom it is aimed are regarded as martyrs, and the wrongs as well as the blood of the martyrs have proved to be the seed quite as much of a false Church as of a true one.

Yet in spite of the apparent failure of this last and heaviest blow directed at the offensive feature of Mormonism, there is much evidence that polygamy is doomed, and that, though the immediate effect of recent action has been to strengthen it, it is slowly but surely giving way. The railway has opened up the secluded retreat of the Mormons to the enterprise, not to say to the greed, of the frontier population which presses toward it from both sides of the continent. The forces of free discussion, of trade, of the press, and of political activity are working. The Mormons are not in fact, and can not long believe themselves to be, a people physically "set apart." The number of them who actually practice polygamy is believed to be growing relatively smaller. Even when it was most common it was far more of a business arrangement than a religious one, and passion had even less to do with it than superstition. Now, as an economic institution, it is far less adapted to the mode of life which the Mormons are being gradually forced to lead, the active, varied, commercial, and industrial life which is indirectly shared even by the tillers of the soil, than it was to the purely agricultural and semi-patriarchal existence which prevailed before mines and railways and trade invaded the chosen land. Polygamy never has been practiced in any considerable community not either agricultural or pastoral, or else one in which the general labor was servile, and as the Mormons are forced by the competition of the restless "Gentiles" into the numerous activities of actual American life, they will be compelled to abandon the awkward and costly family arrangement necessary to polygamy. They may make a violent struggle, and polygamy may go down in blood, as slavery did, but it is as surely condemned by the resistless economic laws of modern society as was its "twin."

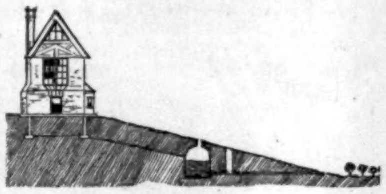
OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SURFACE DRAINAGE.

An eminent artist of my acquaintance lives in what may be called an eminent house, for it is perched upon a hill that overlooks one of the finest river views in the country. I can not, however, describe its beauty, or the picture will be recognized, and I shall not be left at liberty to mention a less attractive and yet a more important feature of the place—its system of *gravity drainage*.

It is of a kind not infrequently employed in isolated country places, where, as in this case, there are ample grounds that slope away from the mansion. The drainage is conveyed away by trapped pipes to a distance of sixty or seventy yards from the house, where it is discharged into a thicket upon the hill-side, and is oxidized by exposure to the air. Thus far it has proved innoxious to the occupants of the house.

This plan is a not uncommon and a very simple one, but it is not the best one. Its defect is that it keeps up a continuous drainage; and the ground at the point of discharge being thus constantly saturated, the air has a constantly diminishing chance to follow and to oxidize the sewage that soaks into the soil. An intermittent flow is much preferable, for by this system the ground is allowed to become at least partly dry between the successive discharges of the sewage. How, then, shall an intermittent discharge be procured so as to give the air and the sunlight their fair opportunity? Philbrick describes as follows a plan which he has tried with great success in a house which he occupies during the summer months. (See figure accompanying.)



Disposal of House Drainage by Surface Irrigation.
[From *Philbrick's Sanitary Engineering*.]

"A tight cess-pool is made about one hundred feet from the house, of a capacity to hold one week's accumulation of sewage. When filled, the fact is indicated by an overflow discharging behind the stable, which pipe (not shown in the cut) also serves as an air vent.

"A trench was dug about one hundred and fifty feet long from the bottom of the cess-pool, its bottom graded so as to drain the cess-pool on to the surface of the ground at this distance. A four-inch stone-ware drain was laid and buried in the trench. Just below the point where the pipe passes through the wall of the cess-pool, a common four-inch brass-faced water stop-gate was set in the pipe with a four inch pipe set upright from its top to the surface of the ground, through which a key can be inserted to open and close the gate. By opening the gate the whole contents of the cess-pool are discharged at will on the surface at the lower end of this pipe in five to ten minutes. At this point of discharge lies a plot of land used as a kitchen-garden. While the sewage is flowing a man with a hoe guides it here and there between the rows of pease and corn, so as to secure a tolerably uniform irrigation. The soil is light and sandy, and absorbs the whole in half an hour. The garden shows the benefits of this application.

"Were this plan to be used during the whole year, it would require more land and a greater distance from the house to avoid offense. But where the character of the soil, the slope of the surface, and the direction of the prevailing winds all combine to favor this method, it has proved very satisfactory. The amount of attention required in this case is trifling, being only about ten minutes once a week. The apparatus is all durable, and not likely to get out of repair."

In cases like this the action of gravity is sufficient to distribute the sewage; but more frequently some sort of pumping apparatus is required.

Another system of intermittent distribution may be mentioned here, though it is not exactly surface drainage; it is that of Mr. Rogers Field, an English engineer. It is to distribute the sewage about a foot below the surface, in porous drain-pipes with loose joints. These pipes are filled at each discharge from the flush tank or cess-pool, and the sewage soaks away from the joints of the pipe while the cess-pool fills again. Philbrick adds: "In some places this plan has worked well, while in others the joints of the pipe or the pores of the soil, or both, have apparently become choked with the solid particles held in suspension by the sewage to such a degree that the absorbing power of the soil around the pipes has become impaired. The result is that the sewage bursts up to the surface, and becomes a nuisance near the lower end of the system of pipes. The fault can perhaps be remedied or avoided by a thorough under-draining of the soil, and by taking proper pains in laying the drains, and providing sufficient surface of land for absorbing a given amount of sewage. Different localities and different soils give very different results, and it becomes very largely a question of judgment in matters of detail to adjust the parts of this system so that it will work without annoyance."

It must be borne in mind that in any system of gravity drainage the trapping must be attended to with especial care, for the reason that sewage gases are somewhat lighter than the air, and always tend to find their way backward into the house.

The material now generally used for drain-pipes is glazed stone-ware. The drain-pipes must be laid with extreme care. The builder's watchfulness with respect to them can not cease even when they are delivered unbroken, and perfect in form and quality, upon the ground. He must watch his workmen to be sure that no piece is cracked, or badly jointed, or unevenly bedded, *as it goes into the ground*. Careless workmen are constantly undoing the most scientific engineering; and a fault in the drain-pipes, when once committed and concealed—deeply buried away from sight under-ground—may not be detected for months or years, and then only by resulting sickness in the family. In fine, as I said at the beginning, he who lives in the city is committed to the drainage system that already exists. Whoever builds an isolated country house takes the responsibility of good drainage upon his own shoulders.

Titus Munson Coan.

AT MONMOUTH PARK.

One of the most interesting races of the season took place at Monmouth Park, New Jersey, on Saturday, August 18. It was for the "Omnibus Stake," so called because any one having a horse engaged for that stake could start, provided he was not disqualified by being in the forfeit list, or having been ruled off for wrong-doing. To encourage sales of yearlings by breeders and others, $3000 out of the $10,000 added to the race was so divided as to give $2000 to the nominator of the winner and $1000 to the nominator of the second.

On page 548 we give the portraits of the five competitors in the third race of the day—Drake Carter, Eolist, Kinglike, Gonfalon, and Pizarro—with those of three other famous horses, and the finish of the race, which was won by Drake Carter. The scene that followed his return to the saddling paddock was one of the greatest enthusiasm. Not only did the stable boys cut up their accustomed capers, but many of the old-timers found themselves shouting at the success of the Kentucky colt, whom the jockey brought back looking decidedly tired and jaded, but not as much so as some of the others. Within an hour after the race the winner was purchased by Mr. **Pierre Lorillard** for $17,000.

ITALIAN EDUCATION AND AMERICAN.

It is only twenty-two years since Italy was one of the worst-educated of nations. Once the source of intelligence and progress, it had been suffered to fall into the extreme of barbarism. It was in March, 1861, that the first Italian Parliament assembled at Turin, and Rome and Venice were still excluded from the new nation. One by one, as when some venerable statue of antiquity is renewed piece by piece, limb by limb, Italy's dissevered members were gathered together. Piedmont, in 1848–9, formed the basis of the new structure. Lombardy, Naples, Tuscany, were added in 1861, Venice in 1866, and Rome in 1870. It is plain that in this busy and dangerous period of creation there had been little leisure to attend to the wants of education. One of the first aims of the new nation was to teach its people the value of unity and freedom. The Italian Parliament founded a system of public schools; monasteries were turned into school-houses; the funds of superstition devoted to new uses; the liberality of the government directed to the cultivation of the people.

The Italian Parliament began an inquiry into the condition of education. It was found that the great majority of the people knew little more than the brutes around them. More than seventy and perhaps eighty per cent. could neither read nor write. The first educational reports were startling. As compared with its sister nations, Italy, the land of Virgil and of Dante, has done least for the spread of knowledge. In Germany nearly every one was educated. In distant Scandinavia and fenny Holland, sung and contemned by the Italian bards, knowledge was almost universal. England, France, even Ireland, had their national schools and a promise of mental improvement. In united Italy there seemed none. For the great mass of the people it was a schoolless land, or if there had been any attempts at teaching, they had failed perfectly. Monks and priests had done nothing for the people. And when, twenty years ago, the Italian government introduced its system of public schools, it found that it had before it the unexampled task of educating nearly a whole nation. Of twenty-five millions of people two-thirds had probably never entered a school.

What the Italian government sought to do was to teach its people to read and write. It aimed to lay the foundation of elementary knowledge. Its aim is still unattained. But the sincerity of its labors and its great sacrifices to the claims of the intellect have not been without remarkable results. In some parts of Italy ignorance prevails almost undisturbed. At Girgenti, in Sicily, seventy-seven per cent. of the children between six and twelve were reported by the recent census unable to read and write; at Cosenza, in Calabria, seventy-three per cent. But in other parts of the country, where good schools have been established, the progress is remarkable. In ten years (1871–81), at Piacenza, the number of illiterates has been reduced one-half; in other provinces the results are equally great. The common schools of Italy are steadily raising the condition of the people. In the European states it is usual to estimate the progress of education by the number of conscripts who can read and write. Every year in Italy the number increases. In the conscription of 1866, sixty-eight soldiers out of every hundred were wholly ignorant; in 1880 the number had decreased to fifty-two. Italy is still behind the other European nations in elementary knowledge. In Germany there are scarcely any illiterate conscripts; in France, fourteen per cent.; and Austria, thirty-nine. But the active zeal of the Italian Parliament in educational affairs is everywhere evident; its public-school system at Rome and Naples is scarcely ten years old; its general system not twenty. Yet in twenty years the progress of public education has been steadily onward, and the new generations of Italians will soon be as generally instructed as those of any other land.

American educators are necessarily stimulated to new efforts by the example of European lands. In the generous race for knowledge it will not do for us to suffer ourselves to be outstripped in zeal. Yet even Italy is pressing fast upon us. In twenty years it has nearly overtaken us. Weighed down by heavy debts, covered with military and naval establishments, it has yet been able to reduce the proportion of its illiterates by about twenty-five per cent. In 1871 forty-two per cent. of men over six years old could not read and write; in 1881 only thirty-five per cent. A still greater decrease is shown among persons from six to twenty. I do not know that we have done as well. Our recent census shows a dark educational picture. Several millions of children in the United States have no teachers provided for them. And while Italy is everywhere planting its public schools in the darkest regions of ignorance, our government seems powerless to help its people.

But fortunately this great question of education can no longer be left unanswered among us. It rises above party, above sect. The cause of free education is that of the people. They are everywhere demanding knowledge, and on mental equality rests the hopes of freedom.

Eugene Lawrence.

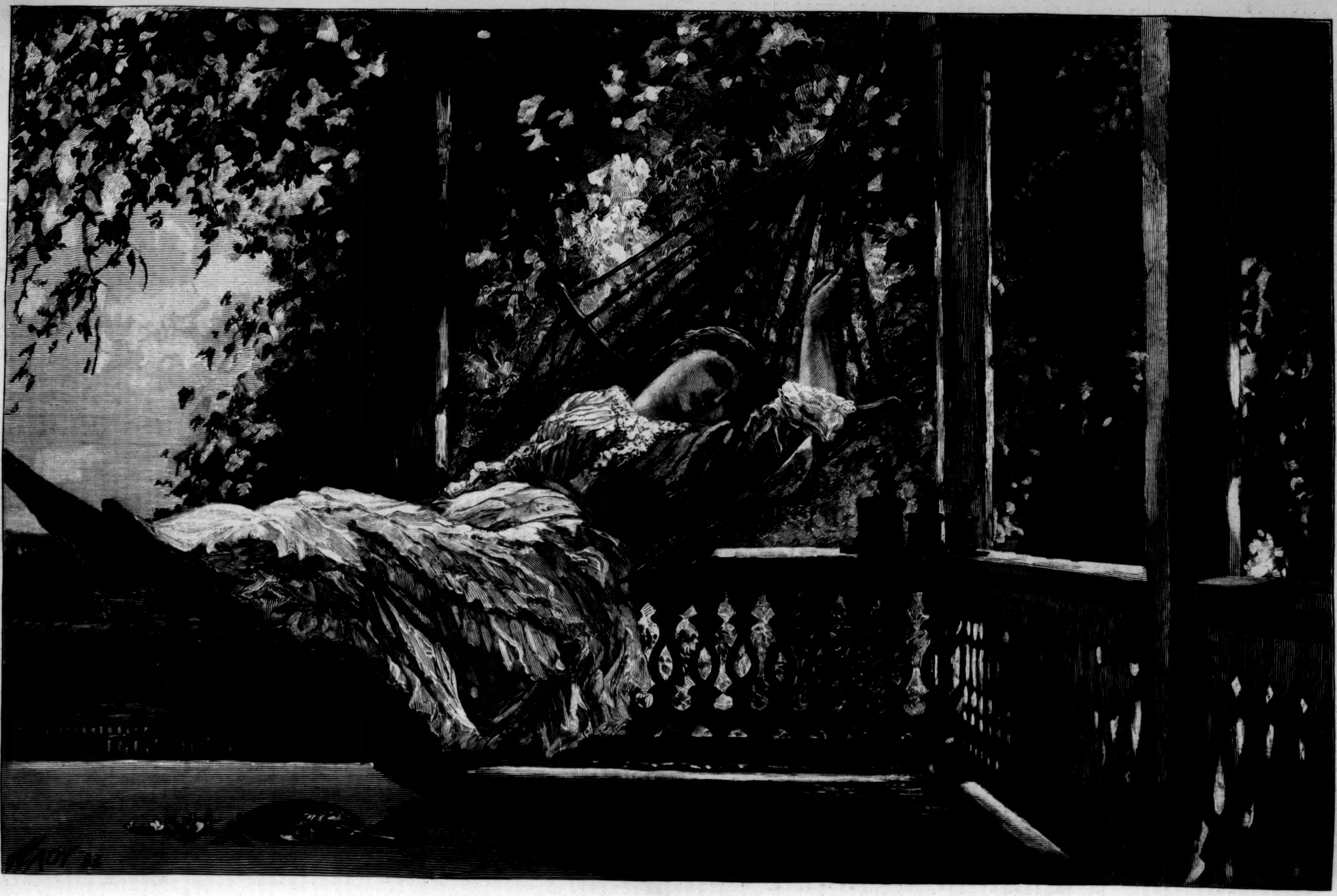
SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"Good-by, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

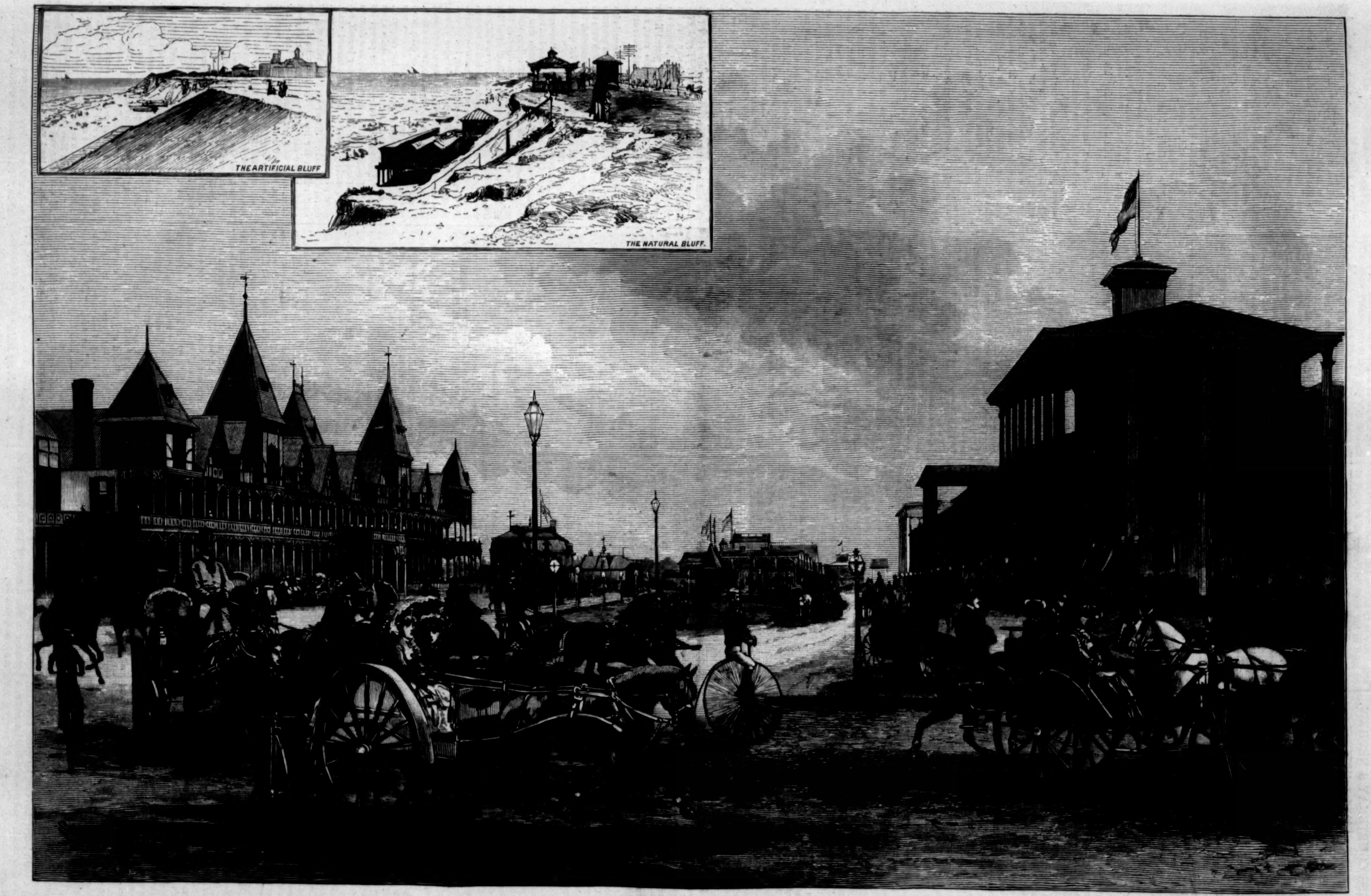
The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at night-fall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she, smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they only could keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way.
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.



A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.—Drawn by Henry N. Cady.—[See "Miss Courtenay's Nephew," Page 554.]


THE ARTIFICIAL BLUFF
THE NATURAL BLUFF.

LONG BRANCH—WEST END.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 555.]

MISS COURTENAY'S NEPHEW.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

A young girl was swinging in a hammock one midsummer day. The leaves rustled softly in the languid air, the little birds trilled low and lazily, the gaudy full-blown flowers of the jaded season blazed and burned away in the noontide heat, and all the insect world piped drowsily with the music of the spheres. Perhaps the young girl in the hammock was the fairest blossom of them all. Her eyes matched the blue of the summer skies, and her hair took all the tints of the yellow grain waving in the adjoining field. Her lips were red as the lady-apples upon the favorite tree of her aunt Griselda Courtenay, whose country-seat, perched high among the bosky groves that overlooked a wide and swift-flowing river, Miss Edith Gray was now gracing with her beauty and enlivening with her wit. She was dressed—but why should I go on repeating the fashionable chronicle of the day? Upon the hour this periodical was due at the nearest post-office the young lady in question would order her village cart, would drive like mad down the steep and rocky road to the little country town, would pounce upon the rather sleazy sheet, and passing over stirring news of political significance, of flood and fire, of shipwreck and pestilence, and all the divers calamities that keep the world at its proper average, would devour with trembling lips and bated breath the latest intelligence from the fashionable world. The light in her eyes would leap to a glow, the color would deepen in her cheek, and a fluttering sigh would escape from her lips as she read of what Miss Edith Gray wore, and how she looked, and where she went, during the week that had gone by. For although this young lady dressed in purple (and any other color, for her complexion was amenable to all the shades in the rainbow) and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, she was a poor orphan, and dependent upon her aunt Griselda Courtenay for all these luxuries. And this dependence grated sorely upon the delicate sensibilities of Miss Edith, and she hoped much from the capabilities and caprices of the aforesaid fashionable world.

When she was a little girl, and studying hard at the fashionable seminary where Miss Courtenay had placed her, she resolved to be a teacher, and in this way repay Aunt Courtenay all the money she had expended in her behalf. But as the years went on, and she found the life she had chosen for herself a grim and rayless one, poorly paid, and miserably abused, she altered her mind. When she had reached the age of eighteen, and the educational resources of the seminary had been exhausted in Miss Gray's behalf, and her aunt Courtenay had come to consult her about her future, they both agreed that she had better not enter further upon the pursuit of that kind of knowledge—that there were other paths of wisdom which were more full of pleasantness, if not of peace.

Her aunt Courtenay couldn't take her eyes from the face and form of her niece.

"I think you will do well in society," said Aunt Courtenay, with the air of an oracle. And Edith bowed dutifully. "You have your future in your own hands, to make or to mar," her aunt added, gravely. Edith bowed even more dutifully than before.

"I will try to repay all your generosity in my behalf," she said; and from that day forth she bent all the energies of her mind and the advantages bestowed generously upon her by nature to cancel her heavy obligations to her aunt Courtenay. Every social triumph she scored as a point against this burden; and when at last she brought to book (if I may be allowed the expression) the most eligible *parti* of the season, and Mr. Conrad Belden resolved to range himself, she lay back in her hammock and uttered a sigh of relief, and immediately began counting off upon her rosy fingers the different methods by which she promised herself not only to wipe out Aunt Courtenay's score against her, but leave a margin of indebtedness from Aunt Courtenay.

These moments were the happiest in her life; and if her future lord, as he swung gently to and fro the cords of the hammock, watching furtively the while the timid toying of her taper fingers, the color rise in her cheek, and the light in her eyes soften almost to tears, if he thought all this becoming emotion was due to the feelings aroused by the new bond they had entered into, he was partly in the right, as without this bond, and what lay behind it, she was powerless. And, as she was not devoid of gratitude, she was really fond of the origin of her long labored for and at last secured happiness. Her strongest passion, however, had been her hatred of obligation to her aunt Griselda, and the probability that she would be able to put that aside took considerable of the zest out of her life. She began to take very little interest in the fashionable chronicle of the day, and scarcely knew from one week's end to the other what was the opinion of the contemporaneous Jenkins as to her appearance and attire. A faint element of boredom crept into her existence, which increased rapidly as she found always the one hand upon the cords of her hammock, inhaled the fragrance of the one excellent brand of cigars, and listened to the same prattle of manly adventure hour after hour. Once in a while, when the day was rainy, and her future husband, with his inward antennæ stretching longingly to the billiard-room, still remained dutifully by the side of his betrothed, Edith Gray wondered what she would have to live for when her aunt's debt was paid.

It was now the height of the season, and Miss Courtenay, having secured the future of her penniless niece, turned her attention to a vagrant nephew who had been a pensioner upon her bounty a much longer time than his cousin Edith, and had devoured her substance with a far less considerate conscience. The plan of marrying this scapegrace to an heiress had sometimes presented itself to her mind, but never so strongly as now that Edith's success had established a precedent. Miss Courtenay had the promise of a short visit from a Brazilian heiress, and determined to avail herself of this opportunity, as heiresses, even from Brazil, were largely exported just then to foreign markets. Miss Courtenay resolved to give her nephew this last chance to retrieve his fortunes, and if he refused to profit by it, she told herself for the hundredth time, she would wash her hands of him forever.

"Your cousin Jack Courtenay will arrive this evening," she said to Edith, "and if you will do what you can to aid matters between him and Miss Alfiero, I shall be under great obligations to you."

These last words were pleasant to Edith's ears, and she listened eagerly to the somewhat pathetic recital of the misdoings of her irreclaimable cousin.

"He has squandered my money all these years," said Miss Courtenay, and Edith winced at the similarity of her cousin's condition to her own, "and if he refuses to benefit by the opportunity now offered him, I am done with him. Miss Alfiero is an excellent young woman, and her fortune is in her own hands."

Notwithstanding this prejudicial narration, Edith's heart warmed to her cousin. She was not so rich in relatives that she could afford to lose the hope that her kinsman might at least prove worthy of a compassionate interest. Did they not suffer under the same galling necessity? And if it was so unbearable to a woman, what must it be to a man! How his spirit must chafe, and his very soul grow bitter within him, under the cold and abhorrent patronage of this heartless and mercenary old woman of the world! How Edith longed to help him, to comfort him! She had never seen him, but he was her cousin, her dear cousin! Her incipient boredom was put to rout. Her hammock hung idle and empty to the languid breeze all the long afternoon. Con Belden betook himself to his male companions with the new zest born of an off-duty delight. Edith, for the first time since her engagement, took a warm interest in her toilette. She decided at first upon a combination of pale blue satin and silver brocade. For jewels, the large white pearls, a princely gift from her betrothed, wound about her throat, and the silver sinuous folds of her ruby-eyed serpent coiled in and out of her yellow braids. Then she blushed for this sordid temptation, and wore a simple robe of India mull, with a bunch of pale roses at her waist; her hair was knotted loosely at her neck, and not a jewel shone upon her save the engagement diamond, as "the badge of her servitude." And lo! when the heavy carriage rolled up to the portico, there appeared but the one traveller, but he had luggage enough for ten. There were many trunks, and light dressing portmanteaus of undressed leather, and smaller ones with strong silver clasps, fishing-tackle of quaint and expensive variety in bamboo coverings, hunting gear from the plainest to the most costly description, and a man-servant, laden with the most approved wraps and traps of modern necessity.

And this was her poor cousin Jack!

A shout of delight welcomed him from the male guests, the feminine interest being none the less deep that it was not so pronounced. Even the sallow cheek of Miss Courtenay warmed to the hearty embrace of her nephew, and Edith could see that her whole rigid anatomy quickened to the coming of the prodigal.

He had the cold blue eyes, the stone-colored hair, of the Courtenays, and their high nose, but his mouth was sensitive and womanish, and there was an irresistible air of almost comical appeal about him that disarmed criticism.

Scene: side balcony at Courtenay Heights. Time: early morning, week after Jack Courtenay's arrival. Miss Edith Gray reclining in her hammock; her cousin, Jack Courtenay, with one hand upon the swaying cords, in the fingers of the other a cigar cold even to the ashes.

Edith. "I am so disappointed in you! You really hug your chains. The iron of this degrading servitude of ours has never entered your soul."

Jack. "I can't seem to help it, Cousin Edith. It's a beastly lack of principle and delicacy on my part, I suppose; but I'm afraid I was born so."

Edith. "Do you never feel ashamed to accept so much from one upon whom you have no claim?"

Jack. "You hit rather hard, Edith. She is our aunt; blood is thicker than water."

Edith. "Is it thick enough to need the application of a leech? And when will you turn your attention to the turbid stream of Miss Alfiero?"

Jack (*with suppressed wrath, but finished politeness*). "Thank you for reminding me of a somewhat neglected duty. You have been candid enough to explain to me your exalted motives for accepting the hand and money of my friend Belden. Such heroism is infectious." Exit Jack Courtenay.

Edith tilts the hammock perilously to look after her cousin. She sees him join Miss Alfiero upon the lawn, then throws herself back in the hammock and covers her face with her hands. Two big round tears roll from under her fingers upon the point appliqué at her neck. At that moment Mr. Jack Courtenay passes the balcony with his companion.

Miss Alfiero. "Qu'a-t-elle, votre belle cousine?"

Jack (*tugging nervously at his mustache*). "Hum—ah—mal de tête."

Miss Alfiero (*mischievously*). "Hum—ah—mal de cœur."

Jack feels that organ of his own thumping against his ribs, but he never looks back, and holding the red parasol over the mottled complexion of Miss Alfiero, pursues his massacre of the French with her.

On the 23d of August Miss Courtenay proposed a picnic to a wild part of the country, where, after some tedious and rather perilous climbing, a fine view could be obtained.

Miss Courtenay had her own ideas of picnics, and used some Machiavelian ingenuity in pairing people off for the drive. She also superintended the preparing and packing of the hampers. Miss Courtenay believed in combinations—the power of nature softened and restrained by the resources of civilization. Time was passing, and the polite precision of conventional life admitted of some ruinous delays. Miss Alfiero was due elsewhere in September.

Ten miles from the Heights the country was one wild unbroken forest as far as the eye could reach. The party alighted, and began on foot the ascent to the plateau. A narrow pathway had been hewn for the accommodation of pioneers encumbered with the trappings of civilization. They went singly, and in a sort of silence born of the novelty of their surroundings. It was dark, but not because of the decline of day. Invisible birds sang in the impenetrable gloom. The resinous odor of the pines mingled with perfumes unknown to the nostrils of the habitués of towns. Half-way up the ascent the barricade of green gave way. They had reached an open vista in the woods, where luncheon was ready for them, served in delightful precision upon a rocky ledge which Nature seemed to have made to order for the purpose. Delicious water leaped from a rocky spring; the attendants stood with cork-screws in hand. The unloosening of the hampers freed also the tongues. Miss Courtenay was congratulated upon the delightful surprises she held in reserve. She had sent the wagon of supplies by way of a hidden path that admitted of wheels. Miss Courtenay preferred to have this informal repast prepared without the espionage of her guests. But at this point Nature had placed an impassable barrier to these gentle courtesies. She lifted a warning hand to the violators of her solitudes. The intruders upon her secret places pursued their pleasure at their peril.

Half the party remained at the ledge of rocks, a few reached the plateau, and only two went beyond. In truth only one of these went with that spontaneous eagerness in piercing untamable depths that belongs either to the hunter or the hunted. Edith's sole desire was to fly for a while from everybody and everything that reminded her of what she now considered an inevitable and eternal misery.

Jack Courtenay, without wishing to intrude upon a desire for seclusion which he could well understand after his long drive with Miss Alfiero, was unwilling to allow his cousin to venture alone into these treacherous wilds, familiar to him from many hair-breadth escapes in boyhood. He knew of a ravine, the approach to which was hidden by dense thickets of underbrush, where a slight opening to a new field of adventure beyond, veiled artfully by the parasites of the wood, might tempt his sweet cousin to a dangerous, perhaps fatal, fall to the jagged depths below. Stealthily pursuing her light footsteps through the forest, sometimes losing sight of her, then catching a glimpse of her white drapery in the distance, Jack Courtenay held steadily to the chase; and at length, as she had wandered away in a direction that was unfamiliar to him, he resolved, although reluctantly, to overtake her and compel her to retrace her steps, or at least remain within his safe surveillance. But even while the resolve shaped itself in his mind she disappeared again. A suppressed cry of terror reached him, then the crackling of dry bushes; the sudden whirr of a terrified bird over his head made his heart stand still. He plunged forward, and was himself almost precipitated to the depth of a gully that yawned at his feet. Half-way to the stony bottom he saw a crumpled mass of white drapery, and gathering his scattered wits together, he at length discovered that his cousin was clinging with the desperation born of despair to a hickory sapling that had taken root in the steep side of the ravine.

"Hold on, Edith," he called to her in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could command, "and I will come down to you." And slipping over the edge of the ravine, swinging himself from one sapling to another, leaping, sliding, catching at anything that offered itself to his fleeting grasp, he at last reached a point a half-dozen feet below her, where a huge bowlder enabled him to get a substantial footing. From that point the rock descended, sheer, and bare of even a lichen, one unbroken precipice of fifty feet, to the rocky bed of a diverted torrent.

Jack extended his arms. "Now let yourself go," he said. But Edith held on. A little while ago, although she had not courted death, it had seemed the one way of relief to her. Now it was full of terror. She was so young, and life was sweet—so strangely, wonderfully sweet, with the arms of her cousin Jack Courtenay waiting for her there below! "Come," he said; and loosing her hold, she fell fainting to what seemed to her the one refuge in the world.

Cold drops oozed from the calcareous wall beneath him. He slipped carefully to a sitting posture with Edith still in his arms, and stretching his hand to the icy moisture, he laved her forehead, her hands. Tearing away a portion of her filmy dress, he saturated it with the icy liquid, and wrung it upon her lips. Then she opened her eyes, and became what Jack considered all of a celestial rosy red. He was sorely frightened, and shaken by all sorts of miseries. This maidenly blush put him entirely at his ease.

"Don't wriggle," he said. "Keep perfectly quiet, or we shall both be smashed upon the rocks below."

"How shall we get up again?" said Edith.

"I was just wondering," said Jack. "Are you all right? No bones broken? Got any pain anywhere?"

"A little—in my ankle."

"Which one? Move it, if you can."

"Oh! oh! I can't."

"I was afraid so," said Jack. "That's a sprain."

"Well, suppose it is," she replied. "I might have broken my neck."

"In that case," said Jack, "the worst would be over."

"You monster! I wish it was your Miss Alfiero had tumbled down the gully."

"I don't," said Jack. "She must weigh well on to a hundred and fifty pounds. We should have come to grief from sheer avoirdupois."

In the mean time Jack had torn another portion off her dress, and, wetting it on the rock, had bound it tightly around her ankle, first cutting away her shoe and stocking with his penknife. To all of this Edith had submitted bravely.

"Jack," she said, "have you asked Miss Alfiero to marry you?"

"No," he replied; "I haven't had a chance. You have spoiled a fine opportunity to-day. But don't disturb me; I'm laboring with an idea."

"Then take your arms away. I don't want to be held as if in a vise."

"Certainly," said Jack, letting his arms suddenly fall.

Edith sat erect, but an ashen pallor again overspread her face; her eyes closed.

"I am dying," she faltered.

"Oh no, dear," said Jack, "not by a long shot." He hastened to bathe her face with the healing liquid within his reach, and saw once more a faint color creep into her cheek. The shadows were deepening around them; it was already black in the depths below. He had gathered Edith again in his arms.

"See here, my sweet cousin," he said.

"Yes, Jack," she murmured, with her eyes still closed.

"I'm going to make a struggle to take you to the top of this infernal ravine. Now I may stumble; I don't think I shall, but I may. Will you risk it?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Then here goes." And lifting himself to his feet, he shifted his light burden easily to his shoulder. Everybody knows it is easier to climb a hill than to descend one. Jack Courtenay had the experience of a practiced hunter, and his muscles were like steel. Then he was buoyed up by a strange new feeling he had never known before. This girl hanging over his shoulder, with her clothing torn in shreds, her arms bare and bleeding, her bandaged foot steadied upon his arm—this girl was his little cousin Edith.

When they reached the top she had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion. Jack wrapped what there was left of his light summer coat about her, and, plunging on, reached the plateau when it was quite dark. But he knew every foot of the way, and reached the ledge of rocks, where he was overtaken by some of the jaded pleasure party, who had been hunting for the fugitives in all directions that were safe to pursue. Rapidly explaining the situation, Jack led the way with his unconscious burden to the open road, where the carriages were still waiting. Jack placed Edith in the rather cold protection of his aunt, and mounting the box, took the reins, and drove carefully home.

Con Belden invited Miss Alfiero to a seat in his buggy, but not knowing even a broken sentence of French, Spanish, or Portuguese, which were the only languages at Miss Alfiero's command, the drive homeward admitted of leisure for quiet reflection with them both.

At last the weary cavalcade reached Courtenay Heights. Night had fallen, and dinner had been waiting a whole half-hour. The guests flew to their rooms to make their hurried toilets, knowing what a momentous matter a delay of this kind was to Miss Courtenay. Jack lifted his cousin from the carriage, carried her carefully up the steps, put her gently upon the bed in her own room, and left her to the care of her trusty maid. He cast one hurried look upon her, full of conflicting emotions. But her eyes were closed. She was white as the pillows she was propped among. Then he ran up the stairs, two at a time, knowing so well that distraction or delay from one of his aunt's carefully devised dinners was the one grievance that rendered her desperate. He was dressed and descending the stairs again in less than half an hour. As he passed his aunt's dressing-room he fancied he saw through the half-open door Miss Courtenay herself, sitting perfectly erect in her high-backed chair. Jack paused, for this was certainly a most wonderful spectacle. Dinner upon the table, and his aunt still in her room. She must be ill. He strode to the door, and entered. Yes, she was there. She had not removed her hat or her gloves, but sat bolt-upright, gazing at nothing, with a stony impassibility. She had the aspect of one who had received a mortal blow. When she saw Jack her features were convulsed for a moment, and she trembled from head to foot.

"You have betrayed me," she said, in a low, strained voice.

Jack closed the door, and went over to his aunt. He tried to take her still, gloved hands in his own. "You are ill," he said.

But she drew her hands away, and repeated, "You have betrayed me." Then she continued, in a low, broken voice: "Your cousin Edith refuses to keep her engagement. You have been making love to her, and tempted her to the overthrow of all my plans."

"Did she tell you so?" said Jack. His voice was also strained and harsh. They looked singularly alike, the aunt and the nephew, as they confronted each other.

"No," said Miss Courtenay; "but I divined it. All was going well till you came. I was foolish enough to trust you. You knew my heart was set upon this match. How could you deal me such a blow? Why didn't you leave the girl alone? She at least was dutiful. I could have borne your own trifling with the most important duties of life. I have grown to expect nothing but scoffing frivolity at your hands. But you might at least have left me the one serious triumph. But it is over now—all is over. There will be a disgraceful *esclandre;* you will give all these people food for amusement—at my expense. I have loved you better than anything in the world. I wanted her to marry so that you could have *all.* And you have betrayed me."

She had drawn off her gloves now, and thrown them upon the floor. She had thrown her bonnet upon the table. How old she had suddenly grown! How shrivelled and wrinkled were the hands she wrung together! Her proud high features seemed to shrink, and her face change before his eyes to a senile helplessness and despair. He could not bear it.

He knelt by her side, and spoke in hot, hurried tones. "See here, Aunt Griselda," he said, "you do me an injustice; but we won't stop to talk of that. I have done you a hundred; my whole life has been an infamy. My love for Edith has taught me that. I do love Edith with my whole heart and soul. But I have never told her so, nor will I, without your consent. Further than this, I'll go down to-night, while the poor child is lying helpless yonder, and offer my worthless carcass to the piece of merchandise you have brought from Brazil for my benefit. What little love Edith may have nourished in my behalf will be snuffed out like the flame of a candle. Her pride will do the rest. She will keep to her compact with Belden, and I will retire with my swarthy conquest to the swamps of Brazil. You at least will be triumphant and happy."

His aunt had never taken her eyes from his face. "I ask," she said, "will you do all this for me?—on the honor of a Courtenay?"

"We won't mention the honor of the Courtenays," he said, with a cynical sneer; "but I'll stick to my word. Mark you, I'm not sure that we sha'n't trip up with the Alfiero. There's always more or less of risk in these speculations."

"Never mind the Alfiero," said Miss Courtenay. Her face had regained its strength of expression. She began smoothing her hair and making little touches to her toilet as she talked. "The Alfiero's red parasol has been my *bête noire* for many a day; it has spoiled many a well-chosen effect for me. You have not yet dined?"

"I have no appetite," said Jack, grimly.

"But you will give me your arm to the dining-room? We will stop on our way at Edith's door. I will remain outside while you make my peace with her. Tell her I send you to her as my apology. If she wants you, she can keep you forever. I've changed my mind, Jack: we'll keep the Courtenay property to ourselves. There's enough for us all. I've been a wicked woman, Jack. Do you go and make my peace with Edith. I was a little harsh with the poor child last night. I hope it's not too late to make my peace with God. You had an awful look in your face just now—a horrible, murderous look. I don't think the Alfiero would have been safe with you, Jack."

He arose to his feet and lifted the old lady in his arms. He strained her to his breast till her old bones cracked within her.

"Shall I carry you to Edith's door?" he said, rapturously.

"Thank you, no," she gasped; "I'll walk, Jack. Dear me! I wonder what will the world say?"

"Hang the world!" said Jack. I'm afraid he used even a stronger expression.

But there was an elopement and a murder in that night's news from the world that caused the Courtenay affair to fall flat. Edith still swings in her hammock at Courtenay Heights, but with her is a little blue-eyed fairy with long golden curls. Near by a handsome old lady sits erect in her high-backed chair, and as she gazes upon the beautiful child a dreamy speculation is in her dim old eyes, and I fear she has already begun planning out the future of her little grandniece Griselda Courtenay; for "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done. . . . One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the *world* abideth forever."

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH.

Benjamin Silliman Church, the recently appointed Engineer of the New Aqueduct, was born April 7, 1836, at Angelica, Alleghany County, New York. He is the eldest son of Mr. **John B. Church** and **Maria Silliman**, daughter of Professor **Benjamin Silliman**, Jun., and granddaughter of **Jonathan Trumbull**, **Washington**'s friend and comrade, and the original "Brother **Jonathan**." On his father's side Mr. **Church** is descended from old Knickerbocker stock, such as the **Schuylers**, **Van Cortlandts**, **Van Rensselaers**, **Livingstons**, etc., while among his mother's ancestry was numbered one of the "goodly company" of the *Mayflower*.

Mr. **Church** was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1856, and at once entered upon the profession of civil engineering. He was employed for a time on the New Haven Railroad, then in making the original topographical survey of Central Park, and later was appointed Topographical Engineer of the Hydrographic Survey of the Croton River and Basin. He was engaged, also, under General **George S. Greene**, in the construction of the great reservoir in Central Park, and was afterward placed in charge of the Croton Aqueduct as resident engineer. This important position he held continuously up to the time of his recent appointment, excepting for a short period during the civil war, when in the army as a captain in the Twelfth New York Regiment, and as Topographical Engineer in the Army of the Potomac.

Mr **Church**'s long and faithful service in connection with the Croton Aqueduct, and his familiarity with the entire system of the New York water supply, peculiarly fit him for the new field of duty to which he has been called. It is worthy of note that Mr. **Church**'s great-grandfather, **John B. Church**, was President of the Manhattan Company, the first water company of the city, and that his great-great-grandfather, General **Philip Schuyler**, brought to this country and presented to the city the first plans for sewerage of New York.

LONG BRANCH.

So many causes have operated to bring the name of Long Branch before the public that its reputation is, perhaps, even more wide-spread than that of Saratoga. During President **Grant**'s administration it was virtually the summer capital of the country, and a view of its sun-lit sea brought comfort to the death-bed of President **Garfield**. It has been the scene of important cabinet meetings, and of protracted sessions of Congressional committees. In the palmy days of **Fisk**, **Tweed**, and their followers, Long Branch became notorious for its profligacy, and for the lavish expenditure of money and ostentatious display of wealth made by those mushroom millionaires. At that time its reputation was so unsavory that many pious persons termed it the "Devil's Stronghold." To this day the rural visitor to New York whose curiosity impels him to run down to "the Branch" does so with feelings similar to those with which he first steps inside a theatre.

The Long Branch of to-day is, however, a far different place from that of twelve or fifteen years ago. Then it was an isolated cluster of hotels, bounded on either side for miles by stretches of lonesome beach, of which the solitudes were unbroken by human habitations. Now it forms but a small part of the great cottage city that extends, with almost unbroken ranks, from Sandy Hook to Barnegat, and which during the summer months transforms the once desolate wastes of yellow sand into scenes of abounding life and ceaseless activity.

Most of the cottages and hotels composing this city by the sea are picturesque buildings of unique design; but, while their interiors are triumphs of decorative art and good taste, their exterior coloring, from one end of the New Jersey coast to the other, seems to have been ordered by one mind, and it the mind of a man who had successfully cornered the brown paint market. For fifty miles there is no relief from the dull monotony of brown, save by varying shades of the same. Instead of the cheerful, bright red roofs of New-England sea-side cottages, the shingles of these sombre occupants of New Jersey sands exhibit only a reddish tinge of the all-pervading color.

What the houses lack in color is partly compensated in design, and by the surroundings of those situated a short distance back from the coast, where the landscape gardener has found opportunities for the exercise of his art. The country between Long Branch and the Shrewsbury River, including Rumsen's Neck, is a revelation of what may be accomplished in the way of landscape by the combination of nature and art supported by wealth. Its roads are hard, smooth, and well shaded, and for miles the adjoining grounds, in the midst of which are set architectural gems of chalet-like cottage or more pretentious dwellings, evidence the most skillful cultivation.

Long Branch, being the oldest of the coast settlements, retains many hotel buildings which, while comfortable and well located, are relics of the time when every carpenter was his own architect, and houses were built and added to in compliance with the exigencies of their occupants, rather than with a view to external appearance. In contrast to the severe simplicity of these reminders of the past are the gaudy structures which, under the name of "club-houses," have recently been erected by gamblers for business purposes, and in which their trade is carried on day and night with an ever-increasing run of custom.

That peculiar imitation of young manhood recently classified as the "dude" seems to find Long Branch a congenial haunt, and there attains the perfection of his species. The sensation of this summer's season at the West End Hotel has been the appearance of the "Prince of the Dudes," a being whose sole apparent object of existence is the display and rapid change from one to another of various costumes of gorgeous raiment. His ambition in life seems to be that of impressing the spectator with his utter helplessness and inability to perform, unaided, any act demanding physical or mental exertion. Long Branch is, however, so easily accessible from New York that a large number of business men of the city find it convenient to run down every evening to their summer homes on its breezy coast, and thus the young women of its hotels and cottages are not entirely dependent upon the feeble-minded dudes for masculine society or for partners at the hotel hop.

The constant tearing away of the fine bluff, which is the pride of Long Branch, by winter storms, is the cause of great uneasiness to hotel proprietors and cottage owners. Early in this century houses stood three hundred feet east of the present bluff, and the coast-line was still beyond them. When the ocean encroaches another three hundred feet it will have swallowed the sites of all the existing hotels and cottages. With this prospect before them, it would seem as though the owners of this valuable property would make every effort to save it. As yet, however, along the whole face of the Long Branch bluff but one such effort has been made. This is in the shape of a carefully filled embankment, having a slope of one and a half to one, its face covered with turf, and the whole resting upon a massive sea-wall of masonry. On page 553 our artist has given an illustration of this artificial embankment, and, in contrast to it, one of the natural bluff, its face furrowed by deep gullies, which are used as depositories for tin cans and all forms of rubbish and unsightly refuse.

In 1734 **John Slocum**, of Rhode Island, wrestled with the champion Indian wrestler of New Jersey for possession of the land now occupied by Long Branch. The match was catch as catch can, best two out of three falls to win. The white man was victorious after an exciting struggle, witnessed by half a dozen men of his own color and a great concourse of the red-skins. Much of the land thus gained remained in possession of the **Slocum** family until thirty years ago, when the scene of the great wrestling match began to show signs of its destined greatness as a watering-place, and they disposed of it to speculators.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An explanation of the fact that many of the bodies of persons drowned in Lake Winnipiseogee are never recovered may lie in a discovery recently made by a professional diver in those waters. While searching for the body of a drowned man, the diver walked into a bed of quicksand in the bottom of the lake. In the centre of the bed a cold spring bubbled up. He felt himself sinking into the sand, and gave the signal for his helpers to draw him to the surface. It is believed that if the body of a drowned person should rest on the quicksand surrounding one of these springs it would be engulfed, and would never appear again.

An unusual feature in modern warfare is the employment of elephants by the Annamites in their struggle against the invading Frenchmen. Being unable to hold their earth-works against a recent attack, instead of spiking their cannon, they hitched elephants to the guns and hauled them off in short order.

The London *Telegraph* commends the National Park in the Yellowstone region to English travellers in the United States. "When the European stranger reaches the Mammoth Hot Springs of the Gardiner River," it says, "he will be more than repaid for having travelled five thousand miles from England to see them," and, "upon arriving at the Yellowstone Park, he will be amazed at the marvels which give it the name of Wonderland."

A congress of Americanists recently assembled in Copenhagen. An Americanist is said to be a student of early American history. Not to be behind the countries of the Old World, America should convene a congress of Europeanists.

The closing exercises of a school in Honolulu consisted in part of the production of *Pinafore* by Hawaiian children. The *Hawaiian Gazette* speaks highly of the children's proficiency in English and of their acting.

There is considerable interest in the Sandwich Islands in the matter of quick passages by steam-ship from San Francisco. The best time yet made was that of the new steam-ship *Mariposa*, which recently went from San Francisco to Honolulu in five days and twenty-one hours. As she steamed into the harbor, past the king's boat-house, his Majesty, who was seated on the veranda, exchanged a wave of recognition with Colonel Spreckles, the owner of the vessel.

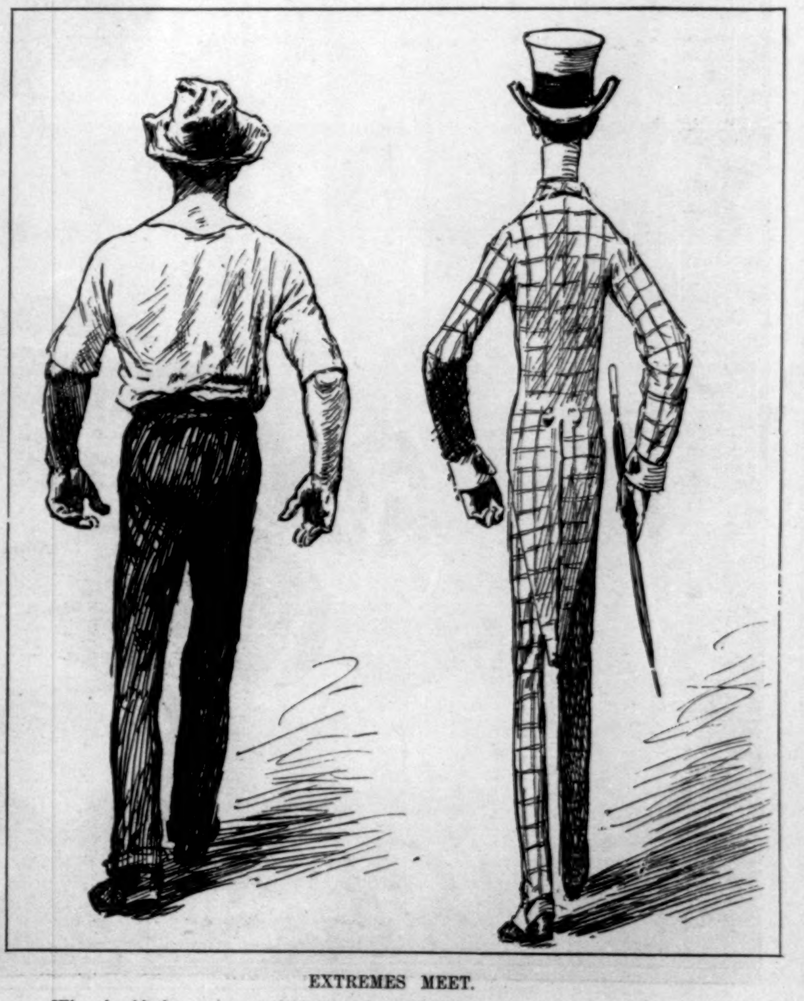
Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, has accepted the invitation of Governor Butler to attend the opening of the Foreign Exhibition in Boston. The Governor of North Carolina will have an opportunity to say to the Governor of Massachusetts that it is a long time between drinks drunk by the Democratic Executives of those States to each other's health.

In the literature of summer resorts a new term has made its appearance. The public is informed that a large number of "society solids"—whatever they may be—have arrived at a well-known New Jersey resort.

The telegraph brings information that the huntsmen of the President's party in the far West brought into camp on a recent evening three antelopes, a bear, several grouse, and a slow rabbit. A good many persons who have not been educated as sportsmen will ask what a slow rabbit is, and whether the designation is of a species of rabbit, or applies to only the individual rabbit that was brought in on this occasion. If the latter, then the inquiry as to whether huntsmen who can bag antelopes should consider an unfortunate and exceptional rabbit worth their powder suggests itself.

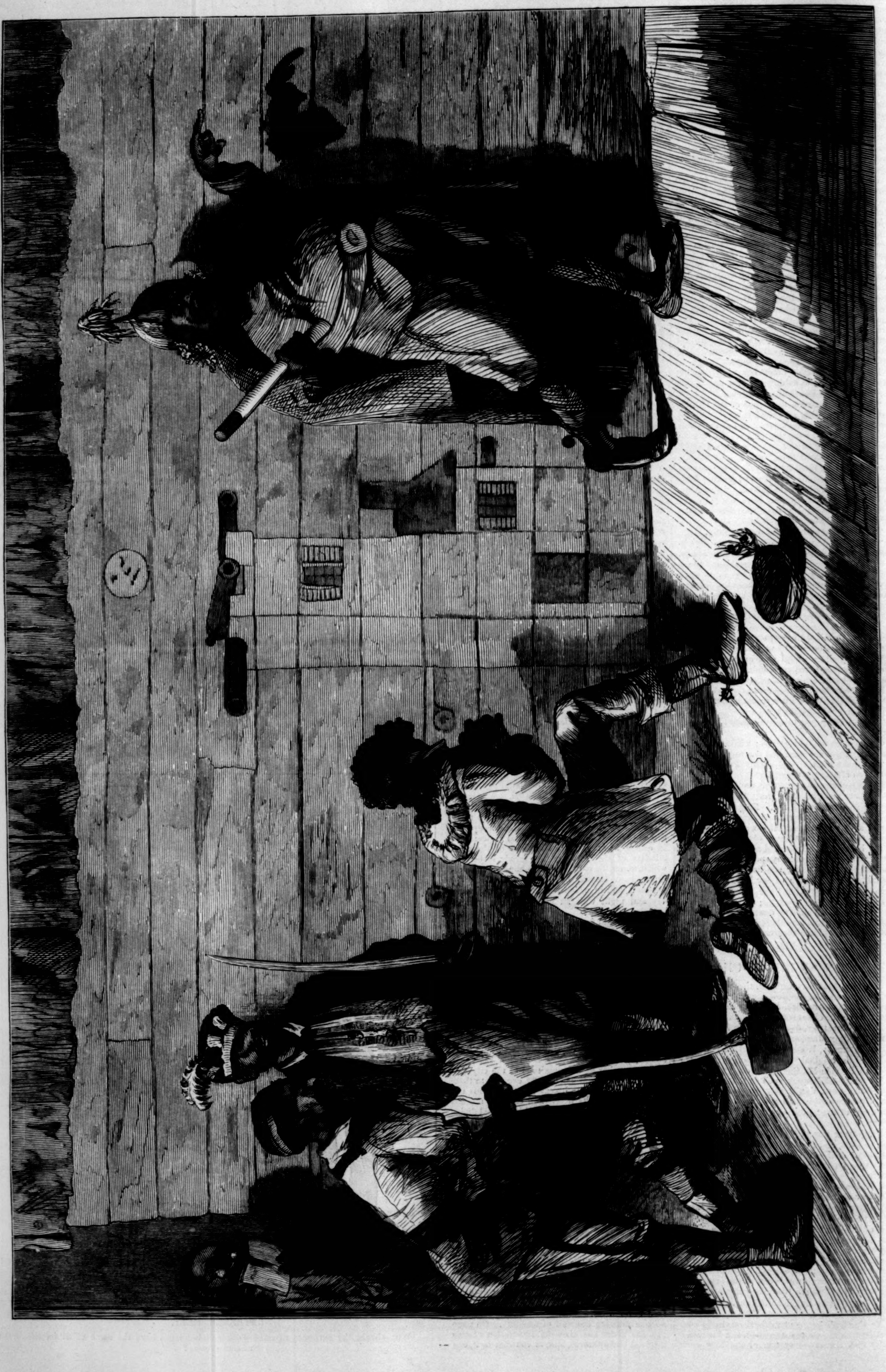
It seems that Cetewayo, the Zulu king, is not dead. He has recovered from the wounds he suffered in the battle between his forces and the insurgents, and has requested Queen Victoria to order an investigation as to the treatment he received. Perhaps he desires to have England punish his enemies if they are found guilty of hurting him. When he reads, or has read to him, the verdict of the English press to the effect that his supposed taking off was an event not wholly without compensating advantages, and therefore not to be deeply deplored, he may reconsider his request for an investigation under British auspices.

A most remarkable story comes from a watering-place in France. M. Gratien was about to make an ascent in a hot-air balloon. A young woman who was to ascend with him was seated in the car, and the aeronaut was holding with his right hand a cord which was attached to the balloon. Suddenly the aerostat broke away, the cord in M. Gratien's hand became entangled around two of his fingers, and he was snatched from the ground and carried to a height of some eighteen hundred feet. Vainly he tried to haul himself up and loop the cord around his arm, but he became exhausted, and hung limp by the two fingers while the balloon was blown along for a distance of about four miles at that great height. The young woman in the basket fainted. As the air in the balloon cooled, the car descended till M. Gratien's body touched the ground, and, still held by his fingers, he was whisked over the rough country for half a mile, through thorny bushes. The yarn has it that the aeronaut suffered no internal injury, and will probably recover.



EXTREMES MEET.

Why should the extremes of hard work and indolence have the same effect on the human elbows?



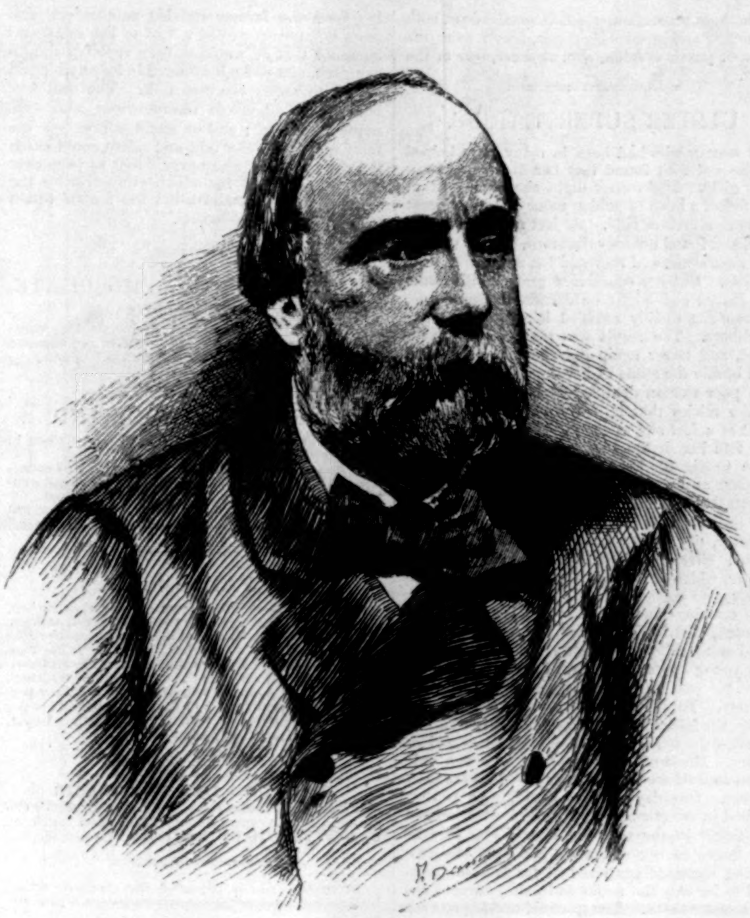
THE ENGLISH MANIA FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS INVADES BLACKVILLE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné, Count of Chambord, Duke of Bordeaux, and—to thousands of devoted followers—**Henry V.**, by the grace of God King of France, was born in Paris September 20, 1820. In the March of that year his father, the Duke of Berri, had been assassinated at the Opera-house by **Louvel**. As his wife, a princess of the Neapolitan branch of the house of **Bourbon**, wept over him, the dying prince exclaimed, "Take care of yourself; think of the infant you are carrying beneath your heart." It was thus that France learned of the approaching birth of an heir to the throne of St. **Louis** from the lips of a dying man, amidst blood and sobs, in a proscenium box of the Opera. His birth was announced by the traditional one hundred and one cannon. The boy grew up in a cold, melancholy home. The King was sad, the Dauphin gloomy, the Dauphiness had still around her the atmosphere of the Temple and the Reign of Terror. The only cheerful person near the child was his mother, and the Tuileries seemed like the abode of spectres save when the young prince enlivened the gloom by his laughter and movement. He was a pretty child, full of vivacity, and it was charming to see him, with his blonde hair and the ribbon of St. Louis across his breast, galloping before the battalions of the Guard. When **Charles** X. had to fly, the boy refused to move, and clung to the legs of a table till removed by force. Forty-eight hours later **Charles** X. resigned the crown to the Duke of Angoulême, and the duke demised it to the child. For twelve hours he was King of France, and documents still exist, "in the name of the King **Henry** V.," dated Rambouillet, August 1. The young prince was soon the sole survivor of the royal exiles. He travelled, and learned much, wandering around the confines of that native land which he could not enter, and dwelling in England, Germany, and Italy.

The revolution of 1848 came. An officer high in the military hierarchy said, "If the King will mount his horse, General **De Castellane** and the army will follow him." But **Henry** V. did not mount, but remained in his voluntary exile. Since then his life has been spent between Frohsdorf and Görlitz. During the Empire he foresaw the shipwreck of the Bonapartists, and after Sedan he issued a proclamation calling on the nation to rally round him and repulse the invader. In 1871 he dated a manifesto from Chambord in which he assumed the title of King. But his nearest approach to the throne was in 1873. The Orleanist princes acknowledged him the head of the house, and as the only representative of the monarchical principle in France. Deputations of ardent loyalists went to Frohsdorf and returned with accounts of the concessions he was ready to make; the Bishop of Orleans directed his clergy to pray for his restoration; even the carriages for the royal entry into Paris were prepared. But **Henry** again declared that he would listen to no conditions, give no guarantees, and reckoned on implicit obedience; nor would he have any flag but the white flag of the **Bourbons**. With this declaration his last chance of regaining the throne perished forever, and the supporters of his cause have been waiting for a less impracticable successor.

The Count of Chambord was lame from a fracture of the leg, and was very corpulent. His face was intelligent, his forehead high, his eyes blue, his manners simple and gracious. The late Empress of Russia described him as "the first gentleman of the world."



THE LATE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

The Count died peacefully at Frohsdorf on the morning of August 24, after an illness of several weeks. The portrait given herewith is engraved from a recent photograph.

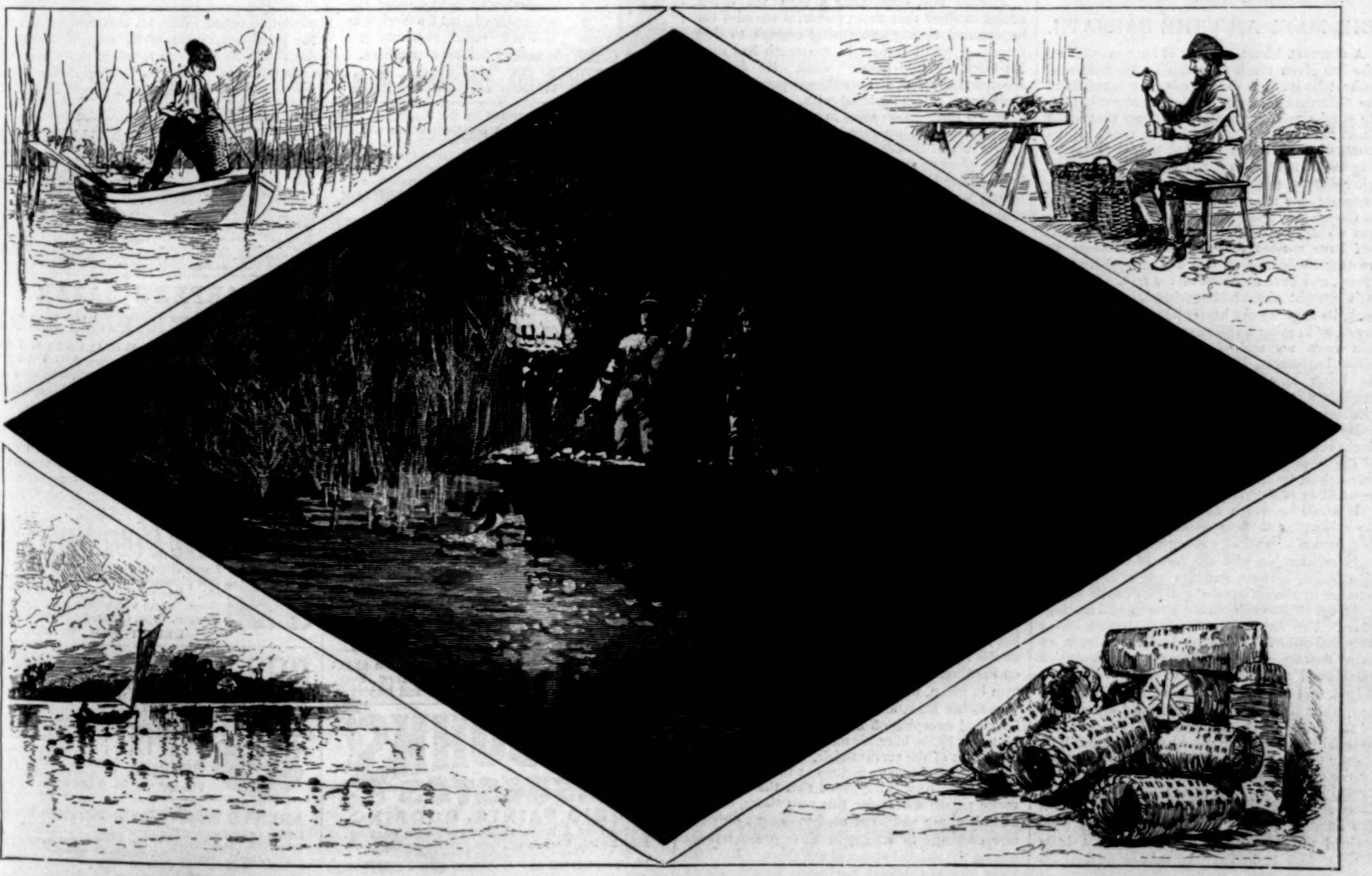
EEL FISHERIES.

Ancient records, in alluding to articles of food, give considerable prominence to the eel. The Italians have always devoted great attention to this particular fishery. The numerous lagoons of the Po where it enters the Adriatic have always been famous for the superior qualities of their eels and lampreys. The various Italian cities are supplied from those waters. In Great Britain and the northern states of Europe eels are also taken in great numbers. Those taken in the sandy shallow bays of Long Island are, however, superior to all others in delicacy of flavor. The silver eels from those once favored waters have long been celebrated, particularly when prepared by the famous caterers scattered along its southern shores. This is due not so much to the superior skill with which they are cooked as to the fact that they go from the water directly to the frying-pan, before the oil peculiar to them has had time to become rancid. It was supposed up to within a few years that the supply of eels in the Long Island waters was exhaustless. At this time it looks as if a few short seasons more of the ruthless pursuit of them would render them only a memory of the past.

New York, since it has become so large a distributing centre for articles of food, finds the supplies of eels which were formerly received from Long Island and other contiguous points no longer adequate even for the local demand. Stimulated by the yearly enhanced price paid for these fish, the Long Island eel-men have almost exhausted their once prolific fishing grounds. It is well known that the eel is a most copious breeder. If these fishermen had been content to pursue it only as an article of food, it might to-day be as numerous as ever. The transfer of the immature and partly grown specimens to the soil as a fertilizer has wrought a mischief which can never be repaired. Or, again, had they been content formerly to use the methods for taking it now in vogue, the exhaustion of the fisheries would not be so near at hand. Not only is this true of those of Long Island, but of all the waters from which eels are taken.

The use of the net is a powerful factor in the exhaustion of all fisheries. In none more so than that of eels. When the demand for this article of food first became pressing, seines were first employed with very great profit, it not being uncommon to capture six or eight hundred dozen of marketable eels at a single cast. When a diminution of the supply no longer made these profitable, the eelpot was substituted. This is a cylindrical wicker structure a couple of feet or more in length. At one end is a funnel through which the eels enter; at the other, a movable cover, admitting of the removal of the fish and the baiting of the trap. In the larger bays these pots or traps are sunk and buoyed, while in the smaller estuaries they are fastened to poles driven into the sand or mud of the bottom. One fisherman will sometimes tend a hundred of these traps, running them in the morning to take out the eels, and again in the evening to set and bait them. For many years succeeding the disuse of seines this method of taking eels has been fairly successful and profitable. It might to-day still continue to be so had the smaller eels, of which large numbers are always taken with the marketable kind, been returned to the water for another year's growth, instead of being thrown upon the fields for the propagation of the crops. Under such a system it is not surprising that eels are scarce, and selling to-day at eighteen and twenty cents a pound, as against five and six cents a pound a few years since. It will also in a measure explain why waters which not long ago were considered exhaustless in their supply of eels are becoming worthless and barren.

Another and a powerful factor which has accelerated the decline and exhaustion of the eel fishery is the practice of sweeping the shallow water near the shore with fine-meshed nets. These catch in large quantities the small fry—the food of the eel. A larger portion of these are, as in the case with the small eels, used for fertilizing purposes. This wasteful destruction of bait is alone sufficient to account for the growing scarcity not only of eels, but of all other varieties of fish which feed upon the same. From the window of his residence on the edge of one of these Long Island estuaries the writer sees row upon row of eelpot stakes, the traps attached to which have not been baited for days on account of



TENDING EELPOTS.
SEINE-CASTING.

THE EEL FISHERIES OF LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.

SKINNING EELS.
EELPOTS.

inability to find bait—the small fry spoken of above.

Those who formerly followed with profit the eel fishery are now lamenting the decline of the same. Had these eel-men shown a common prudence and forethought, or would they do it even now, the end would not be so near.

The halcyon days of this class of men was before the completion of the net-work of railways which now covers Long Island. They then held the monopoly of the supplies of fish for the New York market. The eel fishery gave employment to large numbers of men, most of whom have gone into other and possibly less profitable pursuits. It developed a set of specialists in the profession, who devoted themselves exclusively to the skinning of live eels. A great rivalry existed between these experts. Matches of absorbing interest arose from it. In these, rival eel-skinners were pitted against each other as to which could skin the greater number of eels in a given time. These contests were exhilarating breaks in the monotony of Long Island life. Any one who has attempted to pick up a live eel will appreciate the dexterity which enabled these operators to skin a fabulous number of dozens within a certain time. These once famous manipulators have retired.

Again, the eel fishery gave employment to a large number of teamsters, who transported the products of the same to market. Ice was not used in those days. The eels, after being skinned, were put in bunches of a dozen each and immersed in the water of cold springs. At night the teamsters loaded their wagons from these sources. By early morning the eels were for sale at the city markets. From the eastern end of the island the journey occupied two or even three nights. During the warm hours of the day the eels were unloaded from the wagons and placed in springs near which the teamsters always halted. Eels then were sold by the dozen, and fetched less than what a single pound now costs. To-day, if the local supply of eels to the New York market was withdrawn, it would not sensibly affect the supply, so much has the eel fishery of Long Island declined. Rapid transit and refrigerator cars have opened new sources of supply, which in their turn, through profligate waste, are certain to be speedily exhausted.

A few years past, when the bays were frozen over, it was a common sight to see scores of men armed with eel spears fishing through the ice. Eighteen and twenty dozen of large eels was no uncommon catch to each man. The winter fishing is no longer profitable. Again, two men in a boat at night, by the glare of a jack-light at the bow of a boat, could partly fill the same with large eels speared in the shallow waters near the shore. Professionals now seldom avail themselves of this method of taking eels. It is mostly resorted to by amateurs, who are content if, after half the night spent in pushing about the shores, they secure eels enough for a single meal.

There is a remedy for all this. There is no reason why the eel fishery, considering the enormous prolificness of the eel, should not be restored to its pristine vigor. The remedy is impracticable, however, under our corrupt legislation and nerveless enforcement of the laws.

G. F.

THE ROOK AND THE SABBATH.

A CLERICAL friend, a rector of long experience, who has given much attention to the habits of rooks, tells me that these birds quite understand the difference between Sundays and week-days. He speaks more particularly of those that breed about churches, and their behavior, noted by him scores of times, is fair proof of the fact, however singular it may seem. Shy enough during the other days of the week, on Sundays they will be comparatively tame, permitting nearer approach, as though they knew that on the Lord's day there was no danger of their being molested. I myself have noticed their air of fearlessness or trusting confidence on this day greater than on others, and have no doubt of the fact. But how is it brought about? Sagacious bird as is the rook, its sagacity can hardly be equal to counting seven, or keeping a calendar. That it can tell a gun from an umbrella, or walking-stick, or farm implement, is a fact well known; but its being able to distinguish Sundays from week-days is a still greater stretch of reasoning intelligence.

My friend offers an explanation, which is no doubt the true one, that the birds are made aware of the sanctity of the day, or rather its safety to themselves, by the ringing of the bells, and the assembling of the people for worship.

It would be worth noting whether they also lay aside their shyness on occasions when there is a funeral or week-day service in the church.

In relationship with the fact of the rook distinguishing between Sundays and week-days is another of almost equal singularity: their choosing trees in proximity to the church as a nesting-place. For that they show this preference seems unquestionable. Proof of it may be seen at many country churches, where there are rookeries established on a scanty lot of trees of no great height, and easily accessible to the birdnesting boy, while in the near neighborhood are clumps of tall ones, just the sort one would expect rooks to build upon, showing not a nest. Nor can it be shelter that rules the selection. Often the trees by the church are in exposed situations, and the nests blown off to their last stick during the autumn equinoctials, whereas on other trees, only a few hundred yards distant, they would have remained throughout the winter with but little damage done, and so saved the labor of their rebuilding in spring.

It would seem, then, as though these birds have a knowledge that proximity to a church affords them protection, which it usually does, both from gun and nest-robbing boy, partly from the force of public opinion, and, at times, fear of the vicar.

ULSTER SUPERSTITIONS.

A WOMAN who had been in many ways helped by the wee folk found that her dreams foretold their gifts. Night after night she dreamed that she found a heap of golden money beside a great stone in a certain field. At last she went to the field, and found not only the stone, but the money. She took some, and returned for more from time to time. But her conscience grew troublesome. She feared she might be defrauding some one, and so she weakly babbled her doubts to her neighbors. The result was that the gold vanished, and never again did she find one single coin beside the stone of her dreams.

A poor woman dreamed nightly of being told by the fairies that if she would dig in the dry moat of a fort she would find a treasure of gold. She told her dream to her sons, and begged of them to dig for her, but for a long time they laughed at her fancy. At last they agreed to dig, so that she might cease from troubling them, and they did indeed find a buried treasure—not, however, of gold or money, but an exquisitely chased silver bell inclosed in outer cases of bronze, which is now to be seen in a well-known antiquarian collection.

A certain woman in a "very gentle" (fairy-haunted) district of Ulster had only one eye, and her neighbors told her story thus: "When very young she was so beautiful that the fairies loved her well, and at last carried her off to their country. To her, bound by their charms and spells, the fairies' home seemed a place of dazzling beauty—the true fairy-land of old stories and of poetry. Her work was light, for she was only asked to wait on them as they moved about their palaces. One day she was standing by as they washed in sweet-smelling oil, and she idly dipped her finger in the oil. By chance she put the wet finger to her eye, when suddenly she saw all the surroundings she had fancied so beautiful to be only the nooks and mossy corners under a gentle thorn. The splendid carving was the twisting of the gnarled old roots, and the country of the fairies was but her father's field. Being no longer bewitched, she easily reached her home, and was said to be the only human captive ever restored from fairy spells to a human hearth. But she found that the magic oil had made one eye all-powerful to see the generally unseen pranks of her old captors. For a long time she feared to speak of what she saw, and would sit still while the room was crowded with fairies, who played all sorts of tricks on the unconscious people around. But one day her caution failed her. She was at a country fair, and as she bought something at a stall she could see the whole place crowded by these sprites, who were robbing sellers and buyers, and injuring the wares. As one ill-favored old fairy twitched something from under her eyes she screamed with indignation and pushed him away. He turned, and raising a little wand in his hand, rushed furiously at her, and put out the eye that had been bathed in fairy oil. She never any more looked on a fairy, and was regarded till her death with much respect and awe by her neighbors."

Another tale, concerning a man yet living, seems to show that these powerful enemies can be daunted by any one daring enough to defy them. A small farmer in the north had upon his farm a "very gentle" wood. He duly respected the fairies, and would not permit any of their trees to be meddled with. Therefore he expected their good offices in return. His finest and favorite cow, however, was suddenly attacked by the sort of illness that is generally regarded as the effect of spells. He looked at his suffering cow and her untasted food, and went straight to the wood, where, in a loud voice, he three times repeated this sentence: "If my cow does not get better before night, there will not be one gentle bush standing in this wood by to-morrow evening." And after uttering this threat he was not astonished on going home to find the cow in the byre eating her mash, and as well as ever.

If these powerful small people make concessions at times, they are more apt to demand them, as the following tale proves: In the parish where the gentle wood still remains undesecrated, any passer-by may see near the high-road a farmhouse, close to which grows an old thorn, surrounded by a very high wall. The effect is so strange that a question is nearly always asked, and always thus answered: "The people who lived in the farm always had a respect for the thorn, which was very gentle, and the fairies who crowded round it 'had a great wish' for them, and would do anything for them. But the farmer and his wife grew old, their daughters married, and servants had to be hired to do the work. Soon after these changes the good people ceased to befriend the house—the cows gave less milk, the butter would not come, the crops were poor. The old people fretted over the change, but failed to guess its cause. One gray morning, as the farmer was leaving for his work, he met on the threshold a very grave and dignified little man in green, who did not reach more than half-way to his knee, and who told him, with a low bow, and sweeping off a plumed hat, that he had been sent by the king, his master, to make a formal complaint of the servant-girls, who threw all the sweepings and potato parings at the roots of the old thorn. Now it happened that the king's favorite palace was under this very thorn, and he and his queen and court used to delight on summer evenings in sitting in their green bowers among the twisted stems of the thorn. But now their pleasant retreat was made abominable to them, and unless things were altered king and court must leave the place, and take their blessing from the farmer and his people. On this news the farmer vowed a vow to the small ambassador that he would at once repair the damage done, and make it impossible for anything in future to annoy the wee folk. The wall was built, the kind offices recommenced, and were never withdrawn; and on summer evenings the faint sounds of fairy talk and mirth could reach the ears of those who never dared to peep over the wall of solid stone which still encircles the crooked old tree, and averted the fairies' threat of 'bad luck by the bushel.'"

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THE COOK'S DILEMMA.

"Two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda to a quart of flour" was formerly the standing direction in every kitchen for making light biscuit, cake, etc. It has been found of late that the old rule won't work, double this quantity of cream of tartar being frequently required to produce the former result, and even then, owing to the great variation in strength of the best cream of tartar that can be purchased at the stores, uniform results can no longer be depended upon in its use.

The cause of this inferiority of modern cream of tartar is explained by the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and also by the New York State Board of Health, which, in a recent examination of 27 samples of cream of tartar, claimed by dealers to be of the best quality, found them adulterated with alum, terra alba, phosphate of calcium, etc., from 3 to 93 per cent. Five samples were adulterated with terra alba to such an extent that they were really terra alba with a little cream of tartar added. In the soda examined, from 17 per cent. of carbonate of lime to 25 per cent. of ground gypsum were found. Of course it is impossible to produce light or wholesome bread with such stuff as this for a leavening material, and the best cooks, if relying upon its use, must frequently fail in their work. The old formula, therefore, no longer to be relied upon, must give way to new methods.

Science, fortunately, comes to the aid of the cook in this dilemma with the ever-ready baking powder; but here again the greatest care is necessary, in selecting a baking powder, to avoid one that may not only spoil the work of the cook, but will make the cookery produced an instrument of danger to the health. Most of the baking powders and bread preparations of the market are made either from the very cream of tartar above described, from alum, which is poison, or from phosphates derived by disgusting processes from the solution of old bones in sulphuric acid, and hence their use is attended with the same inconvenience and dangerous results that follow the use of adulterated cream of tartar. The only way to overcome these difficulties would seem to be in the selection of a baking powder of a thoroughly well-established reputation, whose absolute purity, wholesomeness, and effective power as a leavening agent have been confirmed beyond contravention. The Royal Baking Powder meets this want more nearly than any other, and has been recommended by the Government chemist as the most acceptable and perfect substitute for the old-fashioned cream of tartar and soda. It is undoubtedly pure, and its merits have given it a sale probably equalling that of all other baking powders combined. Its manufacturers have an advantage over all others in possessing facilities for obtaining pure materials. They refine their cream of tartar direct from the imported crude grape acid by means of patented processes, exclusively their own; by which the cream of tartar is rendered absolutely pure and uniform in strength. In addition to this, they employ a number of expert chemists who thoroughly test every pound of ingredient used, and admit no material into the Royal Baking Powder compound until they have demonstrated it chemically pure. As a consequence, the action of this powder is always uniform, as well as of the highest degree of power, and never fails to produce light, sweet, wholesome, and palatable bread, biscuit, or cake. With its universal market, and the great magnitude of its sales, this company finds it to its interests to adopt these extraordinary methods, which no baking-powder maker whose market is limited to a single state or locality can afford.

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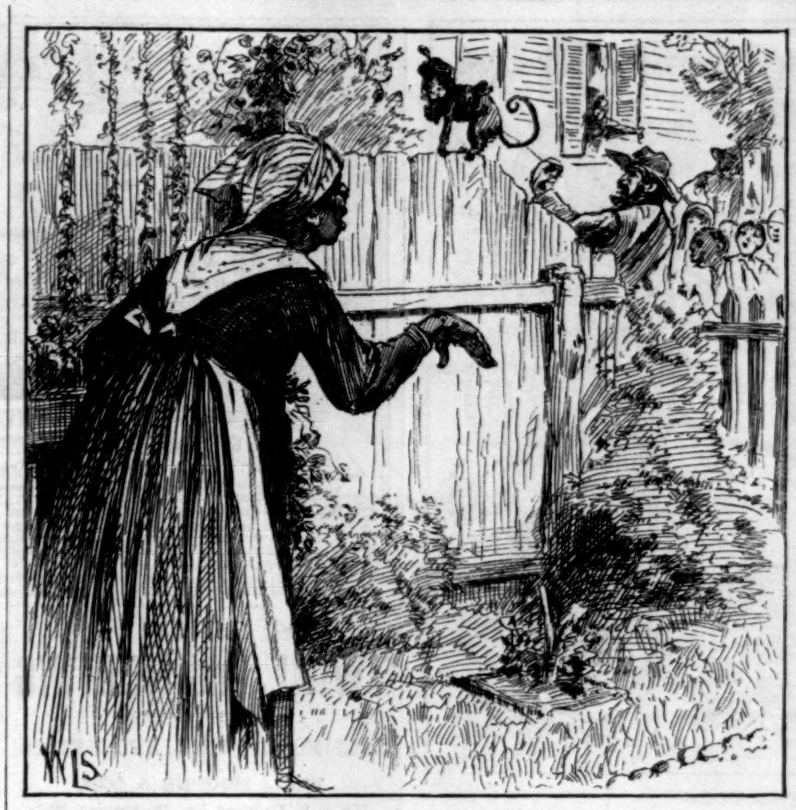

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